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NOVELLO'S ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITION.



# COLOMBA

P37

A LYRICAL DRAMA

IN FOUR ACTS

FOUNDED ON PROSPER MÉRIMÉE'S TALE

BY

FRANCIS HUEFFER

THE MUSIC COMPOSED BY

A. C. MACKENZIE

OP. 28.

THE PIANOFORTE ARRANGEMENT BY E. SILAS.

Ent. Sta. Hall.

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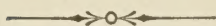
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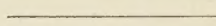


# COLOMBA.



## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>Count de Nevers</i> ...	...	...	(Governor of Corsica)	...	Mr. HENRY POPE.
<i>Orso della Rebbia</i>	...	(An Officer in the French Army)	Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN.		
<i>Brando Savelli</i>	...	...	(A Brigand)	...	Mr. NOVARA.
<i>Giuseppe Barracini</i>	...	...	(A Lawyer)	...	Mr. LUDWIG.
<i>Antonio</i>	...	...	(His Brother)	...	Mr. WILFRED ESMOND.
<i>Sergeant of Marines</i>	...	...	...	...	Mr. B. DAVIES.
<i>Colomba</i>	...	...	(Sister of Orso)	...	Madame ALWINA VALLERIA.
<i>Lydia</i>	...	...	(Daughter of the Count de Nevers)	Mdlle. BALDI.	
<i>Chilina</i>	...	...	(Daughter of Savelli)	...	Miss CLARA PERRY.
<i>A Market Woman</i>	...	...	...	...	Miss ELLA COLLINS.



PLACE—CORSICA. TIME—1816.

ACT I.—AJACCIO.

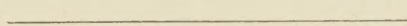
ACT II.—VILLAGE OF PIETRANERA.

ACT III.—A LANE NEAR PIETRANERA.

ACT IV.—THE BRIGANDS' CAMP.



CONDUCTOR—MR. A. C. MACKENZIE.



Written for, and produced by, the CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY, at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, on MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 9, 1883.







# COLOMBA.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—A market-place at Ajaccio. In the background the quay, to which a frigate is moored. Planks laid across from ship to quay. Sea in the distance. Sailors are engaged in rolling heavy bales and heaps of luggage ashore. Market-women arrive and range their baskets along the quay. Early morning. Chilina and Savelli (dressed as well-to-do peasants) amongst the buyers going from stall to stall.

### Women.

Buy, siori, buy,  
Fish fresh from the sea to bake or fry;  
Trout and perch from the Lake of Crena,  
Pesce spada, triglia, murena.

### Others.

Lemons and figs and pomi d'oro,  
Oranges round as Monte d'oro,  
Apples and melons, a soldo the price,  
Sweet almonds straight from Paradise,  
Like those in the Church of Saint Catherine of  
Sisco.

San Damiano and San Francesco  
Have blessed the trees and ripened the fruit,  
Wholesome food for man and brute.  
Buy, siori, buy, buy!

### Sailors.

[Carrying bales, portmanteaus, &c.]

Heave ho! heave ho!  
Memmo, Griffo, Antonio;  
Heave ho! heave ho!

[The women's attention is attracted. They gather round the sailors. An old woman tries to examine the luggage.]

### Old Woman.

Madonna! the like was never seen.  
Kists and coffers fit for a queen,  
What dresses and bonnets they must hide!  
And a coronet neatly embroidered outside.

[To a Sergeant of Marines who is guarding the luggage.]

Say, whose is all this lovely luggage?

### Sergeant.

[Gruffly.]  
Hands off, if you please, you ancient baggage!

### Chilina.

[Coming forward.]

Leave him alone! You can see at a glance  
He is French, and such are the manners of  
France.

Our poor Corsican lads are not yet so enlightened  
As to scare a weak woman easily frightened.

### Girls.

[Repeat ironically.]

Indeed! and such are the manners of France?  
Our poor Corsican lads who would win our good  
graces  
Should learn from him what a pleasant face is.

### Sergeant.

[To Chilina, very politely.]

To answer a question is a task  
Which greatly depends upon who does ask.  
A favour craved by such lips as thine  
It would be difficult to decline.  
To court their grace, to sooth their malignity,  
Even a sergeant may sink his dignity,  
And talk to rude islanders such as these.

[To the people, in an altered tone.]

Know then, good people, this maiden to please,  
I will inform you that—(with official dignity)—  
the noble frigate you see yonder—on board of  
which I have the honour to serve as sergeant  
of marines—brings to this benighted island his  
Excellency the Count de Nevers, appointed by  
his Most Gracious Majesty the King as your  
Governor-General. His Excellency is accom-  
panied by his daughter, the Countess Lydia.

[Half to himself.]

Her bright eye, with a flaming dart,  
Hath pierced this all too tender heart,

[Gazing significantly at Chilina.]

Which is in sore need of consolation.  
For silent merit must vanish soon  
Before the charm of a bold dragoon,

[Matter of fact again.]

Who, I should mention, is of your nation,  
Captain Orso della Rebbia, who saved his  
Excellency's life at Waterloo, where the Count  
fought for the true cause under the great Wel-  
lington. And so, when that true cause was  
victorious, he showed his gratitude by procur-  
ing the captain a commission in the Guards,  
and now he is to about make him his—. Well,  
every one on board knew why Captain della  
Rebbia left Paris for this miserable place.



*Chilina.*

[*Abruptly.*

It is a lie, you know it is a lie ;  
No one shall slander him when I am nigh.  
While Orso has at heart a sacred duty  
He would disdain to look at your French beauty.

*Sergeant.*

[*Surprised.*

My dearest child, you take me by surprise ;  
What higher duty can there be  
Than that imposed by lovely eyes ?

*Some of the Crowd.*

Nay, let us hear the story ; we  
Know nothing of the case.

*Savelli.*

[*Contemptuously to Chilina.*

My dear,

Cannot you see these people here  
Are from Bastia ? And therefore,  
Like yonder Frenchman, they ignore  
What all the world has been fain to hear.  
They never knew of that dreadful night,  
When all Pietranera awoke with fright,  
As, on a hurdle, hastily wrought,  
The body of Orso's father was brought  
To his own doorstep, with a shot through his  
heart ;

How the damigella Colomba did start  
From her sleep, and standing all a-quiver,  
Swore on the body that she would never  
Pray at church, or smile, or dream  
Of aught in earth or in heaven above—  
Of the hate of hate, or the love of love—  
Until her father's purple stream  
Were met by another stream, made to start  
From his assassin's treacherous heart,  
By the dagger-thrust of her distant brother.

*Sergeant and some of the Crowd.*

But who was the murderer ?

*Savelli.*

Who, indeed ?

Is there to tell you really need ?  
Of the hatred borne through ages ago,  
And left as an heirloom from father to son  
By the Barracini and their kin  
To the Della Rebbia far and near.  
Ask Chilina, and you may hear,—  
If these market-women will hush their din,—  
The song which on the burial-day  
The Siorina Colomba did sing and say  
When her friends round the body were as-  
sembling,  
And which no Barracini hears without trembling.

*Some in the Crowd.*

Have a care what you sing, and who may hear—  
The sbirri are watchful, the law is severe.

*Chilina.*

[*Very excited.*

Who is afraid can leave this place,  
Or stop his ears, or hide his face ;  
I'll sing you the song in spite of the law  
And all the gendarmes in Corsica.

[*The people gather round Chilina in a circle ; some stand at a distance, looking out for the gendarmes.*

VOCERO.

*Chilina.*

Gentle dove, thy voice is sad  
On the tree beneath my window,  
Night and day I hear thee singing,  
Hear thee mourning night and day.  
What is all thy grievance, say ?

Says the dove : " My voice is sad,  
And no joy of song is left me,  
For a vulture has bereft me  
Of the mate I cherished aye,  
Piercing his heart, mine he cleft me."

Grieve no longer, gentle dove !  
Spring returns with song and blossoms,  
Bringing joy to tender bosoms—  
Joyful tidings from above—  
Bringing thee another love.

But what hope is left for me,  
Struck by merciless disaster ?  
In the house that knows no master,  
Grieving fatherless alone,  
Say, what hope, save only one ?

Gentle dove, thy flight thou must alter—

SCENE II.—*A noise is heard from the crowd next to the landing-place. Confused cries : " The sbirri are coming ! " The crowd disperse. Enter from the ship, preceded by guards, Count de Nevers, Orso, and Lydia. Shouts from the crowd : " Welcome ! Long live the new Governor ! " which the Count acknowledges, turning towards the crowd, leaving the front of the stage free for Orso and Lydia.*

*Orso.*

At last we are in Corsica—in that old home  
Long lost to me, where many years ago  
I dreamt the dreams of childhood, and where  
now  
My last and boldest dream must find completion ;  
Where, from your lips, you promised, I should  
hear  
The one word which to me is death or life.

*Lydia.*

[*Coquettishly.*

My friend, you are too rash : this sudden passion  
But ill beseems the terms of your allegiance.  
No sooner have you touched your native shore  
Than, like the giant in the olden story,  
You seem to gather strength for your attack  
Upon the heart of a defenceless damsel.



Such manners may beseem the savage chieftain,  
Amongst his tribe; but you must know that I  
Am not a Corsican, nor stand in awe  
Of all your powers, or of the wild revenge  
Which in your island speech you call vendetta.

[More tenderly.]

Ah! well I call to mind your gentle words,  
When to my fancy's eye the life you pictured  
We were to lead amidst your native hills—  
How through the forest we were to roam  
Far from men's haunts and their crowded cities,  
Far from their talk and their empty sorrow,  
Thinking neither of past nor morrow,  
Listening alone to the tender ditties  
That the birds are singing to one another,  
Or to the voice of the great wind, blowing  
From the heights of the snow-clad mountains,  
Mingling at last with the murmuring fountains,  
Fainter and ever fainter growing.

Orso.

[Who has been repeating the last passage line for line as in a dream.]

Aye, but after a long day's ride,  
When we rest by the fountain's side,  
Where the shadiest seat of your choice is,  
When the birds are singing above you,  
When no listening ear is nigh,  
Shall I read in your speaking eye,  
Shall we whisper with mingled voices  
The sweet words, "I love you!"

Lydia.

[Who in her turn has been dreamily repeating Orso's words, with a sudden start.]

Hush, hush! you go too far. Here is my father.

Count de Nevers.

[Good-naturedly to Orso.]

While I attend to the affairs of State,  
And vainly try, with diplomatic affability,  
To win the King some hearts, I grieve that  
your ability  
Of public speech has left me to my fate,  
Being, it seems, engrossed by some grave subject  
Of philosophic import. May one ask  
Without offence, what topic—

Lydia.

[Interrupting him in great confusion.]

Dearest father,

We only talked of—Captain Orso was—

[More composedly.]

You know I love the songs the people sing,  
Those simple songs which are to stilted verse  
Of our Parisian poets what the violet  
Is to carnations or tall sunflowers.  
So I was asking what the song could be  
Which we heard faintly as we were approaching.  
The melody I well remember, for  
I heard a sailor sing it as I walked on deck  
One starlit night. But suddenly he stopped  
As Captain Orso came that way; nor would  
explain  
The meaning of his song or of his silence.

Count.

[To Savelli, who, with Chilina, has been standing near, watching the group.]

My friend, can you enlighten this young lady  
As to the song your friends just now were  
singing?

Savelli.

Your Excellency must pardon me.  
The tune I know, and the words I can tell;  
But I also know the law full well,  
Which death to all those has decreed

[Looking significantly at Orso.]

Who give the rimbecco \* by word or deed.

[Aside.]

And without that the law does not love me, God  
knows!

Orso.

[Angrily.]

Pray keep your clumsy jests for those  
For whom they are fitted and intended.

[To Lydia.]

Dearest lady, be not offended  
By the rude rebuke of an obstinate clown;  
The song, I vouch, was but a simple ballad,  
Or vocero, or cry of wild revenge,  
With which the air of this unhappy island  
Is loud as with ill-omened ravens' voices.

Savelli.

[Gravely.]

You may call me a clown, if you like; you may  
Revile your country before a stranger.  
This is all in reply I have to say—  
Speaking in sorrow, and not in anger—  
Were I, Captain Orso, the son of your father,  
To the voice of that song I would listen rather  
Than to the softest of nightingales.

[Looking significantly at Lydia.]

Chilina.

[Who has been standing apart, looking into the distance.]

Leave him, father! nothing avails  
Your angry speech if his heart is changed.  
But here comes one who to her will explain  
The song, and all else that to know she is fain.

### SCENE III.

[A tinkling of bells is heard from behind the scenes.  
Enter Colomba, riding on a mule, followed by two  
peasants on horseback, armed with guns and pistols.  
The trappings of the mule are black, as are  
Colomba's dress and veil. She dismounts and  
slowly approaches the group.]

Orso.

[Recognising her.]

Colomba, sister, is it you indeed?  
I scarcely know the tender child I left  
Ten years ago in this fair stately maiden.

[He is going to embrace her. Colomba, exclaiming  
"Brother," is on the point of throwing herself  
into his arms, but, recovering from her first  
impulse, she stands motionless with half-  
averted face. All look at her in surprise.]

\* "Giving the rimbecco" means inciting a person to vendetta for the murder of a relative.



*Crowd.*

[*Severally.*  
How strange her manner! See, her face is sad:  
She does not speak. She shuns her brother,  
see!

*Count.*

[*To Lydia.*  
Let us withdraw; the sister and the brother  
At such a time would say to one another  
What none must hear.

[*Exit with Savelli, Chilina, and followers.*  
*Groups of market-people, &c., remain in the*  
*background.*

*Orso.*

[*To Lydia, who is about to withdraw with her*  
*father.*

Oh, do not leave us thus.

Our father's death has overpowered her;  
Not even to a brother can she tell  
The grief that gnaws her heart and seals her  
lips;  
But all she may reveal to one who is  
Her friend—(*aside to Lydia*)—and in my heart I  
hope will be her sister.

[*Lydia goes up to Colomba and tries to comfort*  
*her; she turns away.*

*Colomba.*

[*To Orso, passionately.*  
What can a friend be to me, or a stranger's  
pity, say!  
Have I not watched, and wept, and waited by  
night and day  
For the coming of thee, who to me of all is  
dearest?  
And now thou art come at last; I see thee, I  
feel thee nearest.  
Yet my hand must not touch thee, my lips to  
thine must not cling;  
For between us rises my sacred vow, and the  
sting  
Of dishonour that maketh our name a byword  
in the land;  
Till revenge for my father's death has been  
wrought by my brother's hand.

*Orso.*

Oh, sister, your strange words wake brooding  
thoughts  
Roused in my breast, when, on the eve of battle,  
Our father's sudden fate came to my ear;  
But well-attested news that his own hand,  
By accident, had fired the deadly shot  
Lulled all suspicion.

*Colomba.*

It was lulled too soon  
By a venal lawyer's lying pen.  
Oh, brother, let me not plead in vain  
For the debt of revenge that is due to the slain  
And our ancient name and our blood-stained  
honour.

*Orso.*

[*Roused for a moment, but soon calm again.*  
You are a child, Colomba; you forget  
That in my keeping is that sacred honour  
Which, should I find it needful, I shall know  
How to defend and how to vindicate.

*Lydia.*

[*Passionately.*  
But not by means of treacherous revenge,  
Which, though a Corsican may think it sacred,  
Would on a soldier's honour be a stain  
That all your enemies' blood could not efface.  
Dearest friend, let a friend implore you;  
Think of your comrades, think of France;  
Let not the fire I saw in your glance  
Be kindled to flames of passion wild  
By the idle words of a reckless child.

*Colomba.*

[*To Orso.*  
You call me a child!—you look upon me  
As a dreamer of dreams! You shall hear, you  
shall see,  
What the people think, what the people say.  
[*She rushes off hurriedly. Orso stands motion-*  
*less, in brooding thought.*

*Lydia.*

[*Hurriedly to Orso.*  
Whatever the message she may bring,  
Remember, Orso, this heart cannot cling  
To a murderer's heart; this hand cannot clasp  
An assassin's hand with the knife in its grasp.

#### SCENE IV.

[*Re-enter Colomba, followed by Savelli, Chilina and*  
*a crowd of Villagers from Pietranera, and others.*

*Colomba.*

[*To Villagers.*  
Rejoice with me, friends, for my brother at last  
has come  
To his orphaned sister, his lonely fatherless  
home.  
The head of our ancient house, he is brave, he  
is strong;  
To unravel the truth he has come, to avenge the  
wrong  
Which on us, as you know, our enemies have  
inflicted,  
Although from him it was hid.

*Savelli and Men.*

It is true they stand convicted  
By the voice of the people, which is the voice of  
the Lord.  
The Barracini have done the deed.

*Colomba.*

[*To Orso.*  
One word,  
Let your sister, dear brother, say, in her own  
defence.  
You see me standing here in the market-place,  
Devoid of fear, forgetful of maidenly grace,



Before the people ; but do not gather hence  
That such is my wont. I lived, as these  
may tell,

[*Pointing to the Girls.*

As a maiden, meddling not with the ways of  
men ; knowing well

That modest silence should as a veil enshroud her.  
But the voice of our murdered father pleaded  
louder

Than girlish shame, and as on his bier I leant  
A trembling came over my heart, and a voice  
was sent

From heaven to me, and I sang I knew not  
how.

That voice, the voice of the dove, you shall hear  
it now.

It was in your heart, though you knew it not  
when you came

From the distant land.

*Lydia.*

[*Aside.*

Alas ! Now I know the name  
Of the song that has haunted my ear, and its  
fateful meaning.

*Colomba.*

[*Quietly at first, but rising to passionate fervour.*

#### END OF THE VOCERO.

Gentle dove, thy flight thou must alter,  
Raise thy wings on high, do not falter ;  
Fly to a far land across the sea,  
Bring my brother home to me ;

Tell him no longer he must tarry,  
Nor let the shame on our foreheads burn ;  
Like the royal eagle, he must return  
And scare the vultures from their nest ;

And with beak and talons that none can parry,  
Tear open the hearts of the murderous brood,  
Taking life for life, taking blood for blood ;  
That our father's spirit may be at rest,  
And the voice of our sorrow be drowned in the  
cries

Of the widowed wives of our enemies !

Vendetta ! vendetta !

*Savelli and Men.*

Vendetta ! vendetta !

*Orso.*

There is death in her words, there is truth in  
her voice ;

What is my duty ? what can be my choice ?  
Shall for ever the shame on my forehead burn ?  
Can I cleanse my honour by shedding the blood,  
With murderous hand, of the murderous brood.

*Lydia.*

Let us fly from this land, let us never return ;  
Do not stain your honour by shedding the  
blood,

With murderous hand, of the murderous brood.

*Savelli and Chilina.*

I see the shame on his forehead burn ;  
May his heart be firm, may his aim be good,  
May he bravely revenge his father's blood !

*Colomba.*

Like the royal eagle, he will return  
And tear open the hearts of the murderous brood,  
Taking life for life, taking blood for blood.

*Crowd.*

[*Dispersing.*

Do not listen to them, let us homeward turn ;  
To a peaceful man it brings no good  
To listen to talk of revenge and blood.

[*They disperse slowly.*

*Colomba.*

Brother, farewell ! I go to Pietranera,  
To bid you welcome to our father's house.

[*Exit Colomba with Savelli and Chilina. Lydia, after a long look at Orso, leaves in the opposite direction. Orso remains alone on the stage. The Curtain falls slowly.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

*The stage represents a Green in the village of Pietranera. In the background a large mulberry tree, the branches of which are hung with withered garlands of flowers and laurel wreaths. To the left is the house of the Della Rebbia, to the right that of the Barracini, both with open verandahs in front.*

*Colomba.*

[*Alone, reclining on a bench under the tree.*

At home ! at home ! what is my home to me ?  
And what to him whom from the dream of love  
I rudely woke—woke to perform a duty  
Which, to his wavering heart, appears a crime ?  
Oh, Orso, thou art brave ! I saw the fire—  
E'en as did she you love—which in thy heart  
Was kindled by the tale of our dishonour.  
But foreign ways and foreign love have dimmed  
Thy seeing eyes. What matters it ? I know  
That when the hour has come the murderous plot  
Will be revealed, and thou wilt see and do.

[*She leans on an overhanging branch of the tree, and takes one of the withered wreaths, which she mechanically plucks to pieces.*

[*Sadly.*

But what am I that I to fiercest combat,  
Perhaps to death, should goad the brother who  
To me is all in all ? Orso, thy fate is mine ;  
Thou sufferest not alone. One terrible night  
Has blighted all the blossoms of my youth,  
And what remains is void of scent and sweetness,  
Even as these withered flowers of yester-year.

[*With a sudden impulse.*

But what boots it to think, or to sorrow,  
When the die of our life is cast ?  
What is decreed must come at last,



Be it to-day or be it to-morrow :  
 Fate is swift as the flying swallow.  
 From thy tomb, oh, father, I hear a voice  
 Crying for vengeance. I have no choice :  
 Whither it leads me I must follow !

*[As she slowly goes into the house, enter a merry throng of Village Girls, bearing flowers and wreaths. They begin a lively but graceful dance, trying to entangle each other in the garlands. They are interrupted by the entrance of another Girl, who holds in her hand a single wreath of white flowers. She points towards the tree, indicating that she wishes to hang the wreath on the large branch. The others try to prevent her, and to snatch the wreath from her. The dance begins again. At last she disentangles herself, and, standing on the seat, suspends the wreath from the branch. The other girls at the same time tear down the old garlands and replace them by those they have brought. As the girl reaches the tree a chorus of boys and young men chant :*

Salve, Regina del Maggio ;  
 Ave, Regina della beltà.  
 Ch' il suo regno sia beato e saggio !  
 A lei amore, a lei fedeltà !  
 Salve, Regina del Maggio.

*[Before the Chorus is quite finished, and mingling with it, are heard from behind the scenes the sounds of a march played on fiddles, guitars, drums, and other rustic instruments. Enter, preceded by the Village Musicians, Gardes-Champêtres, etc., Count Nevers, followed by Orso, the two Barracini, and others.]*

## SCENE II.

Count.

Whence this gay throng ? Tell me, what is the meaning  
 Of this fair group, this song-enlivened mirth ?

Giuseppe Barracini.

It is the custom of our village maidens,  
 That on the first of May they crown with garlands  
 This ancient tree ; and she who is the fairest  
 Of all the damsels, if she but suspend  
 From yonder branch her coronet, is forthwith  
 Proclaimed the Queen of Beauty and of May.

Count.

*[With old-fashioned gallantry to the Girl, who bows low before him.]*

I greet thee Queen of Beauty and of May.

Chorus.

Salve, Regina del Maggio !

Giuseppe.

*[To Count.]*

They say the rite is ancient, and has come to us  
 From times of heathen worship. Seneca,  
 When in his Corsican exile he sat lonely,  
 Chafing and writing, saw with angry eyes  
 The village maidens dancing round the tree,  
 Even as we see them now.

Count.

O happy omen  
 That on this day of ancient gladness I  
 Should be amongst you to proclaim the end  
 Of enmity almost as old. The noble houses  
 Of Della Rebbia and of Barracini,  
 Divided long by hatred, will to-day  
 Join hands in peace, forgetting mutual wrongs.

*[The crowd give signs of surprise, but no one speaks.]*

*[Pointing to Orso.]*

My friend here is convinced, by ample proof,  
 That all suspicion of foul play surrounding  
 The death of his dear father was devoid  
 Of substance ; and he frankly owns his error.

*[Renewed murmuring amongst the Crowd.]*

Giuseppe.

And I as frankly take his proffered word.

*[To Orso.]*

Captain, your father loved me not. Our paths  
 Were different always, and our private feuds  
 Were fanned by public discord. He was pledged  
 To Bonaparte's fortune ; I adhered  
 In loyal faith to our most Sacred King.  
 But never did the thought of violent usage  
 Enter this heart. Your father was a soldier,  
 Ready to draw the sword in his own quarrel ;  
 Mine is a scholar's mind, and by the law,  
 Which I profess and honour, I abide.

Some of the Crowd.

*[Aside.]*

Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,  
 Take care how you trust a lawyer's guile.

Orso.

*[Distantly.]*

I have no cause to doubt your word. Yea, let  
 the past  
 Be past. The ancient feud between our houses  
 I willingly forget ; too long has Corsica  
 Been made the battle-field of private hatred.

Count.

Then let the news be spread throughout the  
 land—

*[Aside to Orso.]*

To none more welcome than to Lydia,  
 When she arrives to-morrow—the joyful news  
 That by the scions of these ancient houses  
 To-day the discord of a hundred years  
 Was changed for goodwill and perpetual peace.

Orso, Count, and the two Barracini.

Let the past be dead, let the spell be broken  
 Of hatred, descended from father to son ;  
 Let our hands be joined as a symbol and token  
 That all thought of discord is vanished and gone.

Chorus.

*[Repeating.]*

Let the past be dead, let the spell be broken, etc.



SCENE III.

*Great commotion amongst the crowd. The partisans of the two houses, who have hitherto stood apart, approach each other with friendly gestures. As Orso is about to take the outstretched hand of Giuseppe, enter, from the house, Colomba, who throws herself between the two.*

Colomba.

*[In a frenzy of excitement.]*

Touch not his hand, Orso; our father's blood is on it.

*[General astonishment; deep silence for a few moments.]*

Count.

*[To Colomba, gravely but kindly.]*

Grave is your charge against this worthy man. Can you support it by a trusty witness?

Colomba.

*[Eagerly.]*

The witness is at hand if you will vouch His safety from the clutches of the law.

Count.

Free as he came he shall depart, provided He speak the truth.

*[Apologetically to Giuseppe.]*

Your innocence, my friend,

Will be the more established if a hearing Is granted to your bitterest enemies.

*[Colomba, who has rushed into the house, now returns, followed by Savelli. Great surprise amongst the crowd.]*

Chorus.

*[Severally.]*

Savelli, the brigand, the King of the Mountains, he here?

Does he thus brave the law—does he dare to appear?

Giuseppe.

*[To Count.]*

Your kindness is abused. This man cannot Be witness. His head is forfeit to the law; He is a common robber and assassin.

Savelli.

*[Coolly, to Giuseppe.]*

That cap, sir, might fit another man As well as me; but of this anon. I am not ashamed of my deed; it was done In the way of vendetta—our Corsican way.

*[To Count.]*

You may ask the people here; they can Tell you it was in the broad daylight,

*[Looking at Giuseppe.]*

And not from behind, in the shelter of night, That I killed my man in open fight.

Then I took to the *macchia*;\* but no one can say

That ever I robbed a poor man of his own, Or made the widow and orphan moan,

*[Looking at Giuseppe again.]*

Like certain honest men of the law.

The best man I ever heard of or saw,

*[To Orso.]*

Your father, to pity his heart inclined.

When I had to fly and leave behind

My little daughter, where did she find

Shelter, and comfort, and tender care

But with him and this dear lady here?

*[Pointing to Colomba.]*

It is true that to him I had been alway

A trusty servant; by night and day,

At home, on the battle-field, by his side

I stood, whether weal or woe betide,

And so at last in these arms he died.

*[All show their surprise.]*

Chorus.

What will he disclose; what shall we hear?

The dark deed shrouded by deepest night.

Will at last be known and come to light.

Savelli.

*[Going up to Giuseppe and fixing his eye on him.]*

Yes; I can witness, for I was near;

I saw the flash, I heard the ball

Whistle past me as it went

On its baneful way to the bravest heart.

Would it were mine instead it had rent!

For a nobler spirit never did part

From man, nor greater soul withal.

*[Orso warmly takes Savelli's hand.]*

I could not even avenge my master,

For the deed once done, the murderer faster

Than the wings of the falcon flew from the place.

Giuseppe.

*[Who has been listening with ill-disguised anxiety, to Count.]*

Sir, let this end; this solemn farce has gone Too far. The man defeats himself. His wit Is not as keen as his malign intent.

The night was dark; he owns he did not see

The deed, nor yet the doer.

Savelli.

*[Interrupting him.]*

It was he,

Not I, who said that dark was the night,

Though it was, and he knows it as well as I.

But though dark, for you to aim there was light,

And for me to see his breaking eye,

And fold him close in a last embrace;

And for him with trembling hand to trace

On a page of this book—for his speech was gone—

A dying word to his distant son.

*[To Orso.]*

It was with this last message to greet you

That I came on the day of your landing to meet you,

\* Taking to the "*macchia*," the bush, means turning brigand, generally in consequence of an act of vendetta.

Braving all danger ; but you would not tender  
Your ear to me, and at my word did scoff,  
Thinking of love and the joys thereof.  
So hear at last to you I surrender  
This book, your priceless heritage.

*[He hands a pocket-book open to Orso, who looks at it, and for a time stands speechless. After a pause he reads, almost to himself, but audible to all the crowd, "Giuseppe Barra——"]*

Colomba.

Orso, read aloud and proclaim !

*[Pointing to the page.]*  
It was here he traced his murderer's name.  
See his blood, how it stained the page,  
And here his pencil fell from his hand ;  
And yonder see the assassins stand  
Alive to glory in our shame.

Orso.

It is enough ; my path is clear.  
This sudden light  
Thrown on the deed of night  
Makes my duty bright as the day appear.  
Father, I feel thy spirit near.  
It fires my heart, it hovers around me.  
Trust in thy son—believe thou hast found me  
Ready to do what is just, what is right.

Colomba.

*[To Orso.]*  
Linger no more—thy path is clear :  
This sudden light  
Thrown on the deed of night  
Makes thy duty bright as the day appear.  
*[To the Barracini.]*  
Tremble, assassins, your hour is near ;  
Do not trust in the friends around you ;  
Vengeance at last has sought and found you :  
The dead shall kill and the smitten smite.

The two Barracini.

*[Aside.]*  
Accurst the day ! When our path seemed clear,  
A sudden light  
Thrown on the deed of night  
Makes bright to all what did dark appear.  
The hour has come ; we must die or dare.  
Enemies threaten, dangers surround us,  
Vengeance at last has sought and found us ;  
But those who have smitten again may smite.

Savelli.

He cannot linger ; his path is clear.  
This sudden light  
Thrown on the deed of night  
Makes his duty bright as the day appear.  
Tremble, assassins, your hour is near ;  
Do not trust in the friends around you ;  
Vengeance at last has sought and found you.  
The dead shall kill and the smitten smite.

Count.

What will the end be ? Alas ! I fear  
This sudden light  
Thrown on the deed of night  
Will lead to others. The time is near  
When the harvest of murderous seed will appear.  
The ties of friendship and love that have bound  
him,  
Will they restrain him, will they surround him ?  
Will he suffer, or will he smite ?

Giuseppe.

*[To Count, boldly.]*  
It is a lie, a plot, with hellish cunning  
Hatched by my foes. But they have come too  
late.  
My innocence is spotless ; I have proved it  
Before the high tribunal of the law.  
It has acquitted me. I can defy  
The falsehoods of a brigand and a woman.

*[The Count turns away without answering, and slowly exit with his suite. Orso, at the last words, involuntarily grasps his dagger, but, as if struck by a sudden thought, replaces it in its sheath.]*

Orso.

*[With dignity to Giuseppe.]*  
There is a court of justice higher far  
Than any law on earth ; and in that court  
You have to give me answer for this deed.

*[At this juncture men are seen stealthily to enter the two houses, and during the following the windows in both are fastened, and before them, and in the open spaces of the verandahs, shutters, with holes for guns in them, are put up, such as are used in Corsica during a siege of this kind.]*

Giuseppe.

*[To people.]*  
You hear he threatens me with vengeance.

Orso.

Nay,  
Fear not ; your ways are not my ways. What-  
ever  
I do will not be done in secret. Here, before  
The people, I accuse you of the murder,  
And challenge you to fight for life or death.  
If you refuse to meet me, you are safe ;  
I cannot take the vile life of a coward—  
Contempt is his protection.

*[To Colomba, who looks at him entreatingly]*

Nay, Colomba,  
Even for thy sake, for our dead father's sake—  
Who, were he here, I know would feel with  
me—  
I cannot stain my honour. I have done ;  
I am a soldier, not a murderer.

*[He turns away without waiting for an answer.]*



Savelli.

[*Aside to Orso.*

Captain, if ever you change your mind,  
And come to the macchia, you know where to  
find

A trusty friend. So farewell for a season.

[*Exit hurriedly. As Orso and Colomba, and the Barracini on the other side, go towards their houses, their respective partisans form a ring round them to cover their retreat. Threatening gestures are made and guns raised, but no one fires and no one speaks. As they disappear within, their partisans simultaneously raise a shout of "Barracini!" "Della Rebbia!"*

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.

*Early morning. The scene represents a road leading from Pietranera (which is seen at a short distance) across the stage to the left, flanked by roughly-made stone fences. To the right is a large rock overlooking the road. On the left side is a thicket of small trees. As the curtain rises the clock of the village church is heard to strike seven. Enter by the Pietranera road Orso, dressed in an elegant Corsican costume, and carrying a double-barrelled gun.*

Orso.

Here will I wait her coming. Yonder road,  
[*Pointing to right.*

Winding to endless distance will reveal her;  
And long before her father and Colomba  
Know of her coming, we shall meet alone.  
Yea, Lydia, I may meet thee without fear;  
My vow is kept; the impetuous call for ven-  
geance

Rising within me was, by thought of thee,  
Silenced. Thank God, my honour is unstained.  
Come, then, what may, this hand will aye be free  
From stain of blood, unless in honest fight,  
Man against man, it flow. No more of this—  
This hour, this place, are sacred; they are  
hallowed

By thoughts of love.

[*He leans his gun against the fence, and sits down on a rustic seat by the roadside.*

Here often have I sat,

Dreaming my boyish dreams, and looking down  
That winding road, wondering if luck would come  
That way. Now luck will come, indeed,  
And fairer far than ever I could have dreamt.  
How different all appears—the earth, the sky,  
Illumined by love's light, are new to me.  
How different, too, the songs I used to sing!  
The Corsican songs she loves, how they come  
back to me!

The words are still the same, but all the love  
and longing

That to the boy were names and empty nothings

To me are full of meaning. So, while I wait,  
Dear love, for thee, I'll even think and sing of  
thee.

“Will she come from the valley?”

[*He pauses.*

Nay, these were not the words.

[*After a pause he begins again.*

### CORSICAN LOVE-SONG.

Will she come from the hill, will she come from  
the valley,

Will she proudly pass by, will she tenderly  
greet?

Ah, me! what can I say that is meet  
To soften her heart or my courage to rally?

For resplendent as noon-light her beauty shines;  
Dearer to me than the thought of vendetta  
To the pining orphan; and her faldetta\*  
The richest treasure on earth enshrines.

Being sure of my love, will she treasure my  
heart;

Will she care what I think, will she heed what  
I say to her?

Ah, me! what is my yea or my nay to her?  
Knowing well from my troth I can never depart.

[*He sits down on the seat from which, toward the end of his song, he had risen, and leans his head on his hand, forgetting all around him. Suddenly a voice (Chilina's) is heard from behind, singing the following snatch of an old ballad.*

Chilina.

[*Invisible.*

So he thought of his love, and went on his way,  
And she waited for him a night and a day;  
But he never came again.

For by the cross,  
On Talàva Moss,  
There lies her true love slain.

Lovers, beware, though your hearts be true,  
Powder and ball are stronger than you.

[*Orso, who at first has paid no attention, begins to listen.*

So she dug his grave with her lily-white hand;  
The stones she piled and the yellow sand,  
And made a grave for two.

And 'neath the heather,

They rest together.

Be God's own peace with you!

Lovers, beware, though your hearts be true,  
Powder and ball are stronger than you.

[*Chilina, dressed as a peasant-girl, and carrying a basket, appears for a moment on the projecting rock to the right, unseen by Orso. She carefully looks about and again vanishes. Orso has been listening to her song, and at its close rises with a sudden impulse.*

\* Mantle worn by Corsican women.

Orso.

I know your voice, Chilina, and I know  
The meaning of your song. But what is danger  
To one who thinks of Lydia and of love?

*[Resuming his song with great fire.]*

To thy judgment I yield, by thy verdict abide,  
In doubt I will linger no more; I will go to thee  
My heart thou shalt read, my love I will show  
to thee;

Be it life, be it death to me, thou shalt decide!

*[He takes his gun and quickly enters the road to the left, when Giuseppe Barracini, emerging from among the trees, suddenly faces him.]*

## SCENE II.

Giuseppe.

You challenged me to meet you. Here I am  
To give you answer.

Orso.

*[Scornfully.]*

Yesterday, till night,  
I waited for your witness, to appoint  
The hour and weapon, as the law of honour  
Demands. Give way, and let me pass.

Giuseppe.

I scorn

Your laws of honour, as I scorn yourself,  
With your French ways and love-sick vows to  
Lydia.

*[Mocking Orso's manner.]*

"Ah! I can meet thee, Lydia, without fear;  
My vow is kept."

*[Orso for a moment lifts his gun, but immediately lowers it again.]*

Nay, do not lift your gun,  
I know you will not use it.

*[Again mocking Orso.]*

"Your ways are not  
My ways." Perhaps, young man, if you did  
know

What are those ways, you would be careful how  
You rouse my anger, as your father did,  
Whom I was forced to punish.

Orso.

Then you confess  
The murder of my father!

Giuseppe.

You mistake me, sir;  
Even as your friend the brigand was mistaken.

*[Ironically.]*

Mine, as I told you, is a peaceful mind,  
And by the law which I profess and honour  
I carefully abide. I did not pull the trigger,  
Although it was my will that sped the ball,  
Piercing the heart of one who dared to thwart  
me.

Orso.

*[Aside.]*

Father, be with me in this hour of need;  
Restrain my hand from soiling our fair fame  
With an assassin's venomous blood.

*[To Giuseppe.]*  
Begone!

And seek the coward's death in store for you  
From other hands than mine.

Giuseppe.

Not many yards

From here I faced your father, as I face you  
now;

He taunted me, even as you taunt me now;

*[Suddenly raising his voice.]*

So, like him, thou shalt die the death of a fool!

*[He lifts his hand, and at this signal a shot is fired from behind the stone fence to the right. Orso's left arm drops motionless to his side, but with a violent effort he raises his gun with his right, and shoots Giuseppe, who falls. He then sinks on his knees. After a pause, a man's (Antonio Barracini's) head and shoulders are cautiously raised above the wall. Orso again fires with his right hand. The head disappears, and the heavy fall of a body is heard behind the wall. Orso falls down fainting. Long silence, after which hurried steps are heard approaching.]*

Chilina.

*[Behind the scenes.]*

Hasten, hasten, father; I fear

We are too late to save him. Here

*[Chilina and Savelli are seen on the rock to the right.]*

I saw them lying in ambush for him,  
And tried to warn him, but all in vain.

*[Seeing Orso.]*

Alas, alas! my young master is slain.

*[They hurriedly descend to the stage. Savelli lifts Orso, who slowly begins to recover from his swoon.]*

Savelli.

*[To Chilina.]*

Fear nothing, it is only a swoon;

His wound is slight, he will rally soon.

*[He leaves Orso for a moment, and carefully examines Giuseppe, feeling for his heart.]*

But this one is safe, he will never rise;

See the bullet-hole right between his eyes.

His villanous tongue will not wag again.

*[Chilina, who has been looking over the wall, beckons to her father, who also looks over.]*

Hallo! here is another one slain,

As dead as a nail. This indeed is sport—

A lying lawyer to each barrel.

I call this an excellent retort

To all their insults.

*[To Orso.]*

Well, captain, I told you

You would come to the macchia, so here I hold  
you

In my arms as I did many years ago.

If you hit like this we surely shall quarrel



As to who is the best shot in Corsica.  
I shall lose my fame if I don't look alive;  
But then, what a splendid gun you can show!  
The finest Manton\* I ever saw.  
Well, let's be off ere the sbirri arrive.

*[They hurry off to the left, supporting Orso, who has hardly regained consciousness, between them. As they disappear in the distance, enter by the road from Pietranera, Count, Colomba, and numerous Villagers, who have come to welcome Lydia.]*

## SCENE IV.

Count.

The hour is near when Lydia should be coming.  
Ha! what is this? *[Seeing Giuseppe's corpse.]*

Colomba.

*[Looking calmly on the body.]*  
This is the corpse of one

Who, by the law of just retaliation,  
Has with his life paid for another life.

Count.

Alas! poor Orso.

*[He turns away sadly.]*

*[A scene of great excitement ensues. The villagers are rushing from body to body, with wild gesticulations expressing their joy and sorrow, according to the party to which they belong. As soon as the bodies have been discovered some have run back to the village to spread the news, and they now return with monks, carrying two biers, on which the bodies are laid. The bell of Pietranera church begins to toll. As the procession slowly leaves, the monks chant:]*

"Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine,  
Et lux perpetua luceat eis."

*[Colomba, who has been an impassive spectator of the scene, remains alone on the stage.]*

Colomba.

*[Like one waking from a dream.]*

At last, at last, at last we are revenged.

*[She listens to the chant.]*

Ha! sing your chants and sound your knells;  
they will

Not bring the dead again. As they have sown,  
So have they harvested. Thy voice was true,  
Father, that spoke in me of the avenger's coming.

*[Triumphantly.]*

Like the royal eagle, he has returned.  
And scared the vultures from their nest,  
And with beak and talon that none can parry,  
He has torn the hearts of the murderous brood—  
Taking life for life and blood for blood—  
That our father's spirit may be at rest,  
And the voice of our sorrow be drowned in the  
cries

Of the widowed wives of our enemies.

Vendetta! vendetta!

*[Exit rapidly in the direction of Pietranera. Curtain.]*

END OF ACT III.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*The stage represents a narrow valley, bounded on each side by a precipitous slope, covered with small trees and shrubs, which, on the right, extends almost to the front; on the left is a thicket of trees with a large white stone in front of it. Dark stormy night. At intervals, fitfully illumined by the lightning, are seen Colomba and Lydia groping their way, one on each side of the valley.*

Colomba.

Lydia!

Lydia.

Colomba!

Colomba.

The place is near.  
Our journey's end will be reached ere long.

Lydia.

All seems darkness, no path is here.

Colomba.

Follow the track the valley along,  
Trust in my guidance and nothing fear,  
From a child I have roamed through these hills.  
*[Peal of thunder.]*

Lydia.

Oh, listen!

The thunder's voice is loud and strong,  
And like silver serpents the lightnings glisten.

Colomba.

When the clouds disperse the moon will appear.

Both.

Courage be with us! Vanish dismay!  
The road is long, the road is weary,  
The night is cold and dark and dreary,

Colomba.

But love——

Lydia.

[Eagerly.]

Not love——

Colomba.

True love——

Both.

A sister's love will find the way.

Colomba.

Wait for the lightning, it will show  
A large white stone almost at your feet.  
*[Flash of lightning.]*

Lydia.

I saw it here in the valley below.

Colomba.

It is the place where the brigands meet.  
*[She jumps on the stage.]*  
Vittoria! vittoria! the camp is found.  
Here are the steps, I will assist you.

\* A famous Paris gunmaker of the time.

Lydia.

Deepest darkness hovers around,  
And for a robber's camp I am bound.  
If my father knew, what would he say?  
But all is in vain—who can resist you?  
*[She descends to the stage, assisted by Colomba.]*

Both.

Courage be with us! Vanish dismay!  
The road was long, the road was weary,  
The night is cold and dark and dreary,

Colomba.

But love——

Lydia.

Not love——

Colomba.

True love——

Both.

Sisterly love has found the way.

Orso.

*[Heard faintly from behind.]*

Lydia! Lydia!

Colomba.

Hush, hush! I hear his voice. He must be near.

*[She goes towards the background (left), and parts a thick growth of rushes, discovering on a rude couch Orso, dreaming. The moon, shining forth from the clouds at intervals, illumines the scene. Both girls stand for a while silent, looking at him.]*

Colomba.

*[In a whisper.]*

I must be gone to find Savelli.

Lydia.

*[Eagerly.]*

Ah!

Leave me not thus alone; feel how I tremble.

Colomba.

Fear nothing. Friends are watching o'er your safety.

You would not leave my brother in his need.  
See how he tosses on his couch. It is of you  
He dreams, and of his love.

Lydia.

*[Contemptuously.]*

A love in whose despite  
He struck the stroke which must for ever part us.

Orso.

*[Dreaming as before.]*

Lydia, my Lydia, for your sake——

Colomba.

Can you resist

His pleading? You appear more cruel than  
We Corsicans, who never pass a sentence  
Before the culprit has been heard. He will  
Explain. Farewell.

*[Exit rapidly with a smile on her lips.]*

## SCENE II.

Lydia.

*[To herself.]*

Explain! What need is there  
For explanation of a tale so old and plain  
As this; that men, to gain their fierce desire  
Of hatred and revenge, will sacrifice  
A hundred loves.

*[Looking at Orso pitifully.]*

How faint and ill he seems;  
Wasted and worn with fever.

*[She sits down on the couch and lays her hand on his forehead. Bright moonlight.]*

His temples throb  
With wild pulsations.

Orso.

*[Dreaming.]*

Lydia, hear me now!

By the deep love I bear you; by this hand  
Which once I hoped would be mine own, I  
swear——

*[He unconsciously takes her hand, and pressing it to his lips, wakes with a sudden start. Lydia hurriedly withdraws her hand and stands at a distance.]*

Lydia.

*[Coldly.]*

Your sister bids me come to you, once more  
To see you ere you start on that new path  
Which your wild deed has opened for you.  
Here  
I am to say farewell, farewell for ever.

Orso.

*[Distantly.]*

Forgive Colomba's rashness, dearest lady;  
She loves her brother, but she should have  
known  
That for your father's child it is not seemly  
To meet in this wild place a friend of brigands,  
Whose head is threatened by the law.

Lydia.

Oh, Orso!

You wrong me cruelly. I am no coward,  
Nor does my heart shrink from a friend in  
danger,  
Which I would share with him even unto  
death.  
What severs us is your own deed, done in de-  
spite  
Of all your vows of love.

Orso.

O! hear me, Lydia;

Never was vow more true, never was love  
More faithful.

Lydia.

What avails it to profess  
A love which shows itself in words, but fails  
In deeds? Your choice was free; you knew  
that I



Could not in loving union grasp a hand  
Red with the stain of murder. You have acted  
As your fierce passion led you, knowing well  
That, aiming at your foe, you pierced my heart.  
Enough of this.

[*In a broken voice.*  
Here we must part ; farewell !

*Orso.*

Yea, we must part. Your path and mine are  
henceforth

Divided by the gulf which severs light  
From darkness and despair. But let me go  
On my long journey with the hope at least  
That you remember me with pitying kindness,  
For I am worthy of it.—Lydia, for your sake  
I have endured what few men would endure.—  
When in the market-place before the people  
The murderer stood unmasked, my Corsican  
blood

Rose up within me, and the fierce desire  
Of vengeance filled me as with a burning flame.  
But I withstood ; withstood, although I knew  
That all the people there would look upon me  
As one failing in filial love, perhaps in courage.  
I called upon my enemy to meet me  
In open fight, man against man. He met me  
Without a witness, owned my father's murder,  
Scoffed at his memory, and reviled our love.  
His life was in my hand. Convulsively  
I grasped my weapon, but I slew him not,  
Thinking of thee and of my unstained honour.  
'Twas not till wounded by a treacherous shot,  
Fired from behind, I lay upon the ground  
Half-fainting, that in lawful self-defence  
I killed my foe. Thus have I kept my vow.  
Now let us part.

*Lydia.*

[*Who has been listening with rising emotion.*

Oh, Orso ; see me here,  
Kneeling before thee, craving thy forgiveness

[*She kneels.*  
For want of loving faith in one most loving—  
Most faithful, even to death. Henceforth my life  
Is thine ; my heart is thine. This solemn hour  
Lays bare what maidenly coyness had concealed  
Within my bosom. We cannot—must not part.  
Orso, I love thee !

*Orso.*

Do not speak to me  
Those dearest words ; I must not listen to them.  
Fly, fly, from here !

*Lydia.*

Whither you go I go.  
Your life will be my life, your danger mine ;  
Your death my death.

*Orso.*

You know not what you say.  
Disgrace awaits me ; I am charged with murder.

*Lydia.*

I will proclaim your innocence. The sternest  
judge  
Shall listen to my pleading, and believe me.

[*Tenderly.*  
Is there no voice within thee which gives answer  
To mine—which, in the darkness that surrounds  
us,  
Speaks to thee of a brighter, happier future  
In store for those whose hearts are brave to  
suffer  
And die together ?

*Orso.*

[*Yielding.*  
Yea, I fain would listen  
To that sweet voice. But, Lydia, tell me truly,  
Can I accept the sacrifice of all  
The opening blossoms of thy youth ? What hope  
Is left us ?

*Lydia.*

There is hope, for there is love.

*Both.*

[*With passionate fervour.*  
Say of Love, shall he change or alter,  
Shall he decay or shall he diminish ?  
Doomed from his birth to stagger and falter,  
Doomed in the end to fail and to finish ?

*Lydia.*

Like the nightingale who, by moonlight,  
Sings, when the breezes of March grow  
stronger,  
But, from the summer's scorching noonlight,  
Wings her flight, and is heard no longer—

*Orso.*

Like the storm which the clouds engender,  
Blown from the mountains with mighty  
gushes,  
Bound yet at last its strength to surrender,  
Dying softly amongst the rushes ?—

*Both.*

Nay ! but our love cannot thus be smitten ;  
Staunch his purpose, bold his endeavour,  
And on his forehead a god has written  
In letters of flaming fire, "For ever."

### SCENE III.

[*Enter rapidly from the left Colomba, followed by  
Savelli and Chilina.*

*Colomba.*

Fly, Orso, fly, the soldiers are coming.

*Chilina.*

The moonlight made their bayonets glisten ;  
In a moment I know they will be here.

*Savelli.*

Keep silence all of you, and listen ;  
Follow me, captain, and nothing fear ;  
I will conduct you where no one shall find us ;  
Lean on my arm ; they will walk behind us.

Colomba.

Haste, brother, haste!

Orso.

I will not leave this place,  
Let come who may.

[To Colomba.

When Lydia's heart seemed lost,  
All else was naught to me. Now that I know  
Her love, I will declare my innocence  
To all the world.

Savelli.

You may do as you will;  
But let me warn you, there may be  
Among these soldiers an enemy  
Who would think it proper first to kill  
His man in the fray, old debts to recover,  
Making due inquiries when all is over.

Orso.

My life is in God's keeping.

Lydia.

Here I stay,  
To share thy fate whatever may befall.

Colomba.

[Hurriedly to Savelli.  
Nothing avails. We must hasten back  
To draw the soldiers on our track.

Savelli.

A dangerous service in the dark,  
When the bullets are whistling all around,  
Scarce fit for a fair young lady.

Colomba.

Hark!  
I hear them coming; he must not be found.

[Colomba, Savelli, and Chilina hurry off to the right. Orso and Lydia remain standing in each other's embrace. In the uncertain light of the moon, Colomba, Savelli, and two or three of his men are seen on the left slope, trying to attract the attention of the soldiers. Men shout and fire their guns; the soldiers answer, and are seen hurrying across the valley. At last a detachment of soldiers, guided by a peasant, appears on the stage from the left. They arrest Orso, whom Lydia vainly tries to shield. As they are leading him off, enter, from the right, Count, with soldiers and men and women from the village. Orso is released.

Count.

Here, then, I find the fugitives whom we have  
sought  
Through this dark night, amongst these rugged  
hills.

[To Lydia.

Nay, do not blush, my Lydia; well I know  
'Twas charity that brought you, and a sister  
Whose pleading few men can resist, much less

A yielding woman. Orso, I bring good news  
For you. Your innocence is proved beyond  
dispute.

Chilina saw the ambush laid for you,  
And my own ears confirmed her story's truth;  
For I was near, and heard the shrill report  
Of a small carbine, answered by the deep-toned  
voice

Of my two-barrelled Manton, which that morning  
You took by my advice. The case is clear:  
You were attacked, and by your staunch defence  
Have rid this island of two murderous villains.  
I vouch for your deliverance; after all your  
sorrow

Be free and happy.

[Leading Lydia towards him.

#### SCENE IV.

[Enter from right Colomba, mortally wounded,  
supported by Chilina and a soldier.

Chilina.

At such a price,  
This precious life fell a sacrifice  
To her brother's safety. We could not with-  
hold her;  
In the thick of the fight she stood firm as a  
rock,  
Waving her kerchief and lifting her voice,  
To attract the soldiers, until she was struck  
By a bullet, and lifeless sank on my shoulder.

[Colomba is gently placed on a mossy bank. Orso  
and Lydia kneel by her side.

Colomba.

[Opening her eyes, in a faint voice.  
I die contented, my task is done.  
My father is revenged, my brother free.  
[She joins Orso's and Lydia's hands together.  
When you are happy, remember me.

[She dies.

Count.

[Deeply moved.

A great and noble heart has passed away—  
A hero's spirit in a maiden's body.  
Hers was a life of sacrifice. Her father's death  
Roused her to fierce revenge. That once ac-  
complished,  
The natural sweetness of her heart returned.  
Her brother's happiness was her sole desire;  
Thus did she live and die. Be peace with her!

[He kneels.

Let us pray for the soul of our sister departed,  
Who rests in peace after painful strife;  
Noble and true, and tender-hearted,  
She has entered the gates of eternal life.

All.

[Kneel and repeat. Sunrise.  
Let us pray for the soul, etc.

END OF THE OPERA.



# PRELUDE.

*Andante moderato e grave.* ♩ = 54.

The first system of musical notation for the prelude. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat). The time signature is 9/8. The tempo is marked 'Andante moderato e grave' with a quarter note equal to 54 beats per minute. The first measure is marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The melody in the treble clef features a series of eighth notes with accents, while the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes. A fermata is placed over the final note of the first measure.

The second system of musical notation. The treble clef continues the melodic line with eighth notes and accents. The bass clef accompaniment consists of eighth notes. A forte (*f*) dynamic is marked in the middle of the system. The system concludes with a decrescendo (*dim.*) marking.

The third system of musical notation. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes with accents, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bass clef accompaniment consists of eighth notes. The system concludes with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking.

The fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes with accents, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bass clef accompaniment consists of eighth notes. The system concludes with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking.

The fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes with accents, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bass clef accompaniment consists of eighth notes. The system concludes with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking.

The sixth system of musical notation. The treble clef features a series of eighth notes with accents, marked with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The bass clef accompaniment consists of eighth notes. The system concludes with a piano-piano (*pp*) dynamic marking.



First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with triplets and a dynamic marking of *mf dim.*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with triplets. The key signature has three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat).

Second system of musical notation, starting with section A. The tempo is marked  $\text{♩} = 80$ . *un poco meno mosso e tranquillo.* The right hand has a dynamic marking of *pp* and a triplet. The left hand has a dynamic marking of *fp* and a triplet. The system ends with a dynamic marking of *dim. pp* and a right-hand (R.H.) instruction.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *pp* and a triplet. The left hand has a dynamic marking of *pp* and a triplet. The system ends with a dynamic marking of *dim. pp* and a right-hand (R.H.) instruction.

Fourth system of musical notation, starting with section B. The tempo is marked *Tempo 1mo.* The right hand has a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet. The left hand has a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet. The system ends with a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet. The left hand has a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet. The system ends with a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet.

Sixth system of musical notation, ending with section B. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet. The left hand has a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet. The system ends with a dynamic marking of *f* and a triplet.



First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *fz* (forzando) and *dim.* (diminuendo). The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand continues the melodic line, marked with *sempre dim.* (sempre diminuendo). The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *pp* (pianissimo). The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines, with a *2* (second) fingering indicated.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents, marked with *dim.* (diminuendo) and *pp* (pianissimo). The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines, with a *2* (second) fingering indicated. The tempo instruction *Poco più animato ma molto tranquillo. ♩ = 50.* is present. The system concludes with *sempre legato.* and an asterisk *\**.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines.

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines.

Seventh system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The left hand accompaniment includes chords and moving lines, marked with *p* (piano).



Musical score for A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba." The score is in 3/4 time and consists of seven systems of piano and celeste parts.

The first system shows the piano part with a continuous eighth-note accompaniment, marked *pp*. The celeste part has a few chords.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment, with the celeste part adding more chords.

The third system features a crescendo in the piano part, marked *sempre cres.*

The fourth system shows the piano part with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic and a crescendo (*cres.*) marking. The celeste part has some chords.

The fifth system is marked *f* (forte) and includes a celeste part with a dotted line and a crescendo marking.

The sixth system continues the piano accompaniment, with the celeste part adding more chords.

The seventh system concludes the piece, featuring a piano part with a forte (*fz*) dynamic and a celeste part with a dotted line and a crescendo marking.

The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The piano part is characterized by a steady eighth-note pattern, while the celeste part provides harmonic support with chords and occasional melodic lines.



# ACT I.

SCENE 1.—A market-place at Ajaccio. In the background the quay, to which a frigate is moored. Planks laid across from ship to quay. Sea in the distance. Sailors are engaged in rolling heavy bales and heaps of luggage ashore. Market-women arrive and range their baskets along the quay. Early morning. Chilina and Savelli (dressed as well-to-do peasants) amongst the buyers going from stall to stall.

## CHORUS.

*Allegro. ♩ = 104.*

*p*

*pp*

*mf*

*cres. (Curtain rises).*

*sempre crescendo.*

*8va*

**SOPRANO.**

**ALTO.** *f* Si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, *mf*

**TENOR.** *f* Si - o - ri, buy, buy, Fish fresh from the sea to bake or

**BASS.** *f* Si - o - ri, buy,

*8va*

*f* *3* *3* *dim.* *p*



**SOPRANO.**  
*mf*

Fish fresh from the sea to bake or fry, buy, si - o - ri,

**ALTO.**  
*p*

fry, . . si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, buy, s - o - ri, buy,

buy, fish fresh from the sea, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

fish fresh from the sea, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

Trout and perch from the lake of

Trout and perch from the lake, the lake of Cre - na,

Cre - na, si - o - ri, buy, buy pe - sce spa-da,

si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,



tri-glia, buy, pe-sce spa-da, tri-glia,  
 buy, buy mu-re-na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, tri-glia,

*tr*

mu-re-na, *mf* tri-glia, buy mu-re-na,  
 mu-re-na, *mf* pe-sce spa-da, buy mu-re-na,

*mf* *p*

*p* buy, si-o-ri, buy, Fish fresh from the sea, Trout and perch from the lake,  
 buy, si-o-ri, buy, Trout and perch from the lake, from the lake of

*p*

si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri,  
 Cre-na, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

*cres.*



*mf* buy, pe - sce spa - - da, tri - - glia *f* mu - re - -

*mf* buy, pe - sce spa - - da, tri - - glia, *f* mu - re - -

8va.....

*mf* *cres.* *f*

- na. buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

- na. buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

*tr* *tr* *tr* *3*

A TENOR. *p*

BASS. Lemons and figs and po - mi d'o - ro, O-ranges round as Mon - te d'o - ro,

*p* *fz* *f*

*mf* si - o - ri, buy, o-ranges, si - o - ri, buy, o-ranges,

Ap-ples and melons, a sol-do the

*fz* *p* *f* *fz* *p*



Like those in the church of Saint  
 price, Sweet al - monds straight from Pa - ra - dise, Apples and me-lons,

Ca - the - - rine of Sis - - - co, . . . of Sis - - -  
 lem ons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy.

- co, Lem-ons and figs, si - o - ri, buy,  
 'San Da - mia - no and San Fran - ces - co Have bless'd the

*cres.* and ri - pen'd the fruit, and ri - pen'd the fruit, Whole - some  
*cres.* trees and ri - pen'd the fruit, and ri - pen'd the fruit, Whole - some  
*tr* *cres.* *tr* *f*



food . . . for man and brute. Lemons and figs,  
 food, wholesome food for man and brute. Lemons and figs, si - o - ri,  
 si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, O-ran-ges,  
 buy, Apples and mel-ons, a sol - do the price, lemons and  
 lem-ons and figs, lem-ons and figs, buy, buy, buy, f  
 figs, lem-ons and figs, buy, buy, buy, buy, lemons and  
 8va  
 lemons and figs, lemons and figs, buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,  
 figs, lemons and figs, buy, buy, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

*mf* *p* *fz* *f* *8va* *p* *f* *mf*



*f* *> > >* *> > >*

si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, *mf* buy, Fish fresh from the sea to bake or

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy,

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy,

*f* *mf* *leggiero.*

*mf* Fish from the sea to bake or fry, buy, si - o - ri,

fry, . . si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

*mf* Lemons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

*mf* Lemons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, buy, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr*

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

buy, *f* si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri, buy,

*cres.* *f*



Trout and perch from the lake, the lake of Cre - na, si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

si - o - ri, buy, si - o - ri,

tr tr tr tr

*p*

buy, buy, Fish fresh from the sea, si - o - ri, buy, buy, Pe-sce spa-da,

buy, Fish to bake or fry, buy, Pe-sce spa-da,

buy, Lemons, lemons and figs, si - o - ri, buy, buy, buy,

buy, si - o - ri, buy, Lemons and figs,

*mf*

tri-glia, buy mu-re-na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, tri-glia,  
 buy, buy mu-re-na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, tri-glia,  
 buy, lemons and figs, buy, ap-ples, melons, lemons,  
 buy, lemons and figs, buy, ap-ples, melons, lemons,  
 buy, lemons and figs, buy, ap-ples, melons, lemons,



mu-re - na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, tri-glia, buy mu-re-na,

mu-re - na, buy, pe-sce spa-da, buy, buy mu-re-na,

figs, si-o-ri, buy, buy, buy, buy, lemons and figs,

figs, si-o-ri, buy, lemons and figs, buy, lemons and figs,

*cres.* *p*

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, . . . buy, si-o-ri, buy, . . .

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, buy, si-o-ri,

*tr* *p*

si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, . . .

buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri,

buy, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy, si-o-ri, buy,

*8va* *cres*



cen do. *f*

buy, pe - sce spa - da, tri - glia, mu - re -

cen do. *f*

buy, pe - sce spa - da, tri - glia, mu - re -

cen do. *f*

buy, le - sce spa - da, tri - glia mu - re -

cen do. *f*

buy, pe - sce spa - da, tri - glia, mu - re -

*Sva*

na, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri,

na, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri,

na, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri,

na, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri, si - o - ri,

*Sva*

*cres.* *ff*

buy, si - o - ri, buy.

*cres.* *ff*

buy, si - o - ri, buy.

*cres.* *ff*

buy, si - o - ri, buy.

*cres.* *ff*

buy, si - o - ri, buy.

*Sva*

*ff* *f* *>* *>* *>*



Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of D major. The music features a lively melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

SAILORS (carrying bales, portmanteaus, &c.)  
*L'istesso tempo.* (The crotchets as before.)

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the sailors' chorus. The vocal parts (Tenor and Bass) sing "Heave . . . ho, heave . . . ho, heave . . . ho," with a forte (f) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the right hand and a more complex bass line in the left hand, marked with a forte (fz) dynamic.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the continuation of the sailors' chorus. The vocal parts sing "heave . . . ho ! Grif-fo, An - to - ni-o ; Heave" and "heave . . . ho ! Mem-mo, Grif-fo, Mem-mo ; Heave" with a forte (fz) dynamic. The piano accompaniment continues with a similar rhythmic pattern, marked with a forte (fz) dynamic.

The women's attention is attracted. They gather round the sailors. An old woman tries to examine the luggage.

Vocal and piano accompaniment for the old woman's entrance. The vocal part (Old Woman) sings "Ma - don - na ! the" with a forte (f) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a more complex rhythmic pattern in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, marked with a forte (f) dynamic.

like was nev - er seen. Kists and cof - fers fit for a queen, What dresses and

*f* *mf* *p*

bon - nets they must hide! And a co - ro - net neat - ly em - broi - dered out - side. Say

*p*

(To a Sergeant of Marines who is guarding the luggage.) SERGEANT (*gruffly*).

whose, say whose is all this love - ly, love - ly lug - gage? Hands off!

*fz*

hands off! if you please, you an - cient bag - gage,

*fz*

CHILINA (*coming forward*).

Leave him a - lone, you can see at a glance He is

*f* *mf*



French, and such are the manners of France. Our poor Cor - si - can lads are

*rit. a tempo. mf leggiero.*

*p rit. a tempo. mf leggiero.*

not yet so en - light - en'd, are not yet . . so en - light - en'd, As to scare . . a weak

*p cres. mf*

wo - man eas - i - ly fright - en'd.

CHORUS (repeat ironically). 1st SOPRANO. *mf*

In - deed! and such, and such are the manners of

2nd SOPRANO. *mf*

In - deed! In - deed! and such, and such are the man - ners of

*mf*

France, Our poor Cor - sican lads who would win our good gra - ces, Should learn . . from

France, Our poor Cor - sican lads who would win our good gra - ces, Should learn

*p*



*mf* him, . . should learn, should learn from him, *f* (laughing.) Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,

from him, from him, Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha,

*f* *ff*

what a pleas - ant face is. *mf* SERGEANT (to Chilina, very politely). To an - swer a ques - tion

what a pleas - ant face is.

*fz* *f* *p*

is a task Which great - ly de - pends up-on who does ask. A fa-vour *ad lib.*

*f* *p*

craved by such lips as thine *p* It would be dif - fi - cult to de - cline.

*p* *dim.*

To court their grace, . . *f* to soothe their ma - lig - ni - ty, Ev - en a ser - geant

*mf*



may sink his dig - ni - ty, And talk . . to rude is - land - ers

*mf*

*p* *mf* *f*

such as these. Know then, good

(To the people, in an altered tone.) *f*

*fz* *fz* *fz* *f*

peo - ple, this maid - en to please, I will in - form you that the

*mf* (with official dignity.)

*fp*

no - ble frigate you see yon - der (on board of which I have the honour to serve as sergeant of ma -

The crotchets as before.

*fp*

- rines) brings to this benighted is - land his Excellency the Count de Ne - vers, appointed by his Most Gracious

Ma-jes-ty the King as your Go-ver-nor-Gen-e-ral. His Ex-cel-len-cy is ac-com-pa-nied by his

*mf*

*cres.* *fp*

daughter the Count-ess Lyd-ia.

*dim.* *p*

(Half to himself.)

Her bright eye, with a flam-ing dart, Hath pierced this all too ten-der heart,

*p* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *dim.* *3*

(Gazing significantly at Chilina.)

Which is in sore need of con-so-la-tion. For si-lent me-rit must van-ish soon Before the

*p* *3* *3* *3* *3* *3* *p*

(Matter of fact again.)  
Quasi Recit.

charm of a bold dra-goön, Who, I should men-tion, is of your na-tion;— Cap-tain Or-so del-la

*rit.* *f* *mf* *3* *f*



Reb-bia, who sav'd his Ex-cel-len-cy's life at Wa-ter-loo, where the Count fought for the true cause un-der the great

Wellington. *a tempo.* *mf* And so when that true cause was vic-to-rious, he

showed, his gra-ti-tude by pro-cur-ing the captain a commission in the

Guards, *mf* and now he is a-bout to make him his—

*a tempo.* *più animato.* Well ev'-ry one on board knew why Captain del-la Reb-bia left

CHILINA (*abruptly*). RECIT. *a tempo.*

Par - is for this mis - er - a - ble place. It is a lie, you know it is a lie;

*mf* No one shall slan - der him when I am nigh. *p* While Or - so has at heart a sa - cred

*Calando.*

*pp colla voce.*

*Animato.* du - ty He would dis - dain . . . to look at your French beau - ty.

*Animato.*

SERGEANT (*surprised*). *Meno mosso.*

My dearest child, you take . . . me by sur - prise; What high - er du - ty

can . . . there be . . . Than that im - posed . . . by love - ly eyes? . . .



*mf* *cres.*  
Nay, let us hear the sto - ry ; we Know no - thing, we know no - thing of the  
ALTO. *mf*  
Nay, let us hear the sto - ry ; we Know no - thing, we know no - thing of the  
TENOR. *mf* *f*  
Nay, let us, let us hear the sto - ry ; we Know  
BASS. *mf*  
Nay, let us hear, nay, let us hear the sto - ry ;

C  
*Molto animato.*  
*fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

*f* *ff*  
case, know no - thing, no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.  
*f* *ff*  
case, know no - thing, no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.  
no - thing, we know no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.  
*ff*  
we Know no - thing of the case, we know no - thing of the case.  
*fz* *fz* *fz* *fp*

SAVELLI (contemptuously to Chilina).

*Tempo 1mo.*

*p*  
My dear, Can - not you see these peo - ple here Are from Bas - ti - a ? And  
*p* *pp*  
there - fore, Like yon - der Frenchman, they ig - nore What all the world has been fain to hear.  
*pp* *p*



*Andante moderato.* *mf*

They nev - er knew . . . of that dread - ful

*Andante moderato.*  $\text{♩} = 54$  *p*

night, . . . When all Pie - tra - ne - ra a - woke . . . with fright, . . . As, on a

hur - dle, has - ti - ly wrought, The bo - dy of Or - so's fa - ther was

brought To his own door - step, with a shot through his heart;

*mf*

How the da - mi - gel - la Co - lom - ba did start From her sleep,

*p* *fz*



*f* and stand - ing all a - quiv - er, Swore on the body that she . . . would

*fz*

nev - er Pray at church, or smile, or dream Of aught in earth or in

*f* *p*

heav'n a - bove— Of the hate of hate, or the love of love—

*mf* *p*

Un - til her fa - ther's pur - ple stream Were met by an - oth - er stream, made to

start From his as - sas - sin's treacherous heart, By the dagger-thrust of her dis - tant

*mf* *pp*



**D**  
*Poco animato.*

**SERGEANT.**  
bro-ther. But who, but who was the mur - der -

**CHORUS. 1st & 2nd TENOR.**  
*pp* But who, . . . but who, . . . but who . . . was the mur - der -

**1st & 2nd BASS.**  
*pp* But who, . . . but who, but who was the mur - der -

**D**  
*Poco animato.*

**CHORUS. SOPRANO.**  
*pp* er? Who was the mur - der - er? . . .

**ALTO.**  
*pp* But who was the mur - der - er?

*pp* er? but who?

*pp* er? But who was the mur - der er?

**SAVELLI.**  
*mf* Who, in - deed? . . . Is there to tell you real - ly

*Tempo lmo.*  
*p*

*mf* need? . . . Of the ha - tred borne through a - ges a - gone, . . . And left as an

*Tempo lmo.*  
*p*



heir - loom from fa - ther to son By the Bar - ra - ci - - ni and their  
 kin To the Del - la Reb - bia far . . . and near? Ask . . . Chi -  
 - li - na, and you may hear, — If these mar - ket - wo - men will hush their  
 din, — The song . . . which on the bur - ial day  
 The Sio - ri . . . na Co - lom - - ba did sing and say When her

*mf*  
*più mosso.*  
 R. H.  
*mf*  
 R. H.



friends, . . . round the bo - dy were as - sembling,

*Tempo 1mo.*

And which no Bar - ra - ci - - - ni, no Bar - ra -

- ci - ni hears with - out trem - - - bling.

*Ped.* \*

*Allegro.*  
CHORUS. SOPRANO.

*pp*  
Have a

ALTO. *pp*  
Have a care what you sing, and who may hear, have a

TENOR. *pp*  
Have a care what you sing, and who may hear— The sbir - ri are

BASS. *pp*  
Have a care what you sing, and who may hear, have a

*Allegro.* ♩ = 104.  
*pp*



care what you sing, have a care, have a care what you  
 care what you sing, have a care,  
 watch - ful, the law is se - vere, Have a care what you sing, the  
 care what you sing, have a care, have a care what you

(The crotchets as before.)

sing, have a care, the law, . . the law . . is se - vere.  
 the law, . . the law . . is se - vere.  
 sbir - ri are watch - ful, the law, . . the law . . is se - vere.  
 sing, have a care, the law, . . the law . . is se - vere. (The crotchets as before.)

*cres.* *f* *ff*

CHILINA (very excited).  
 Who is a - fraid can leave this place, Or stop his ears, or hide his face; *Sva*..... I'll sing you the  
 song in spite of the law And all the gen - darmes . . in Cor - si - ca. *Sva*.....

*f* *Ped.*



# VOCERO.

(The people gather round Chilina in a circle ; some stand at a distance, looking out for the gendarmes.)

Andantino. ♩ = 92.

8va...  
mf  
p legato.  
Ped.

CHILINA.  
Gen - tle  
dolce.  
p  
R.H.  
L.H.  
R.H. L.H.  
L.H.  
p  
Ped.  
\*

dove, thy voice is sad . . On the tree be - neath my win-dow ; Night and

day . . I hear thee sing - ing, Hear thee mourning night and day . .

pp  
pp

What is all . . thy griev - ance, say ?

p  
Ped.  
\*



*rit.* *p* *a tempo.*

Says the dove: "My voice . . is sad, And no joy of

*rit.* *f* *a tempo.*

song is left me, . . For a vul - ture has be - reft me Of the mate I

*p* *mf*

cher - ish'd aye, Pierc - ing his heart, mine he cleft me, pierc - ing his heart, mine he

*pp* *p*

cleft me."

*pp* *p*

*E* *p*

Grieve no lon - ger, gen - tle dove!

*pp* *una corda.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

*p*

Spring re - turns with song and blos - soms, Bring - ing joy . . to ten - der

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*



*mf*  
 bo-soms— Joy - ful tid-ings from a - bove— Bring-ing thee . . an -  
*p*  
 - oth - er love. But what  
*p*  
 hope is left . . for me, Struck by mer - ci - less dis - as - ter? In . . the  
*rit.* *a tempo*  
*rit.* *f* *mf* *pp*  
 house . . that knows . . no mas - ter, Griev - ing fa - ther-less a -  
*p* *mf* *dim.*  
 lone. Ah ! what 'hope, Save on - ly one, . . . ah ! what hope, save



on - ly one, . . . on - ly one?

*pp* *p* *mf*

Gentle dove, thy flight thou must

*Ped.* \*

## SCENE II.

(A noise is heard from the crowd next to the landing-place. Confused cries: "The shirri are coming!")

*Allegro alla marcia.*

al - ter—  
*Allegro alla marcia.* ♩ = 108.

*f* *sempre f*

*fz* *p*

(The crowd disperse.)

*cres. molto.* *fz* *ff fz* *fz*

(Enter from the ship,



preceded by guards, Count de Nevers, Orso, and Lydia. Shouts from the crowd: "Welcome! Long live the new Governor!" which the Count acknowledges, turning towards the crowd, leaving the front of the stage free for Orso and Lydia.)

*Sva*

*Sva*

*tr*

ORSO. RECIT.

At last we are in

Cor - si - ca— in that old home . . Long lost to me, where ma-ny years a - go I

dreamt the dreams of child-hood, and where now My last and boldest dream must find com-ple-tion,

*p espress.*



Where, from your lips, you pro-mised, I should hear The one

*rit. ad lib.* *a tempo.*  
word which to me is death or life.  
*rit.* *a tempo. Meno mosso.* ♩ = 92.  
*calando.*

**F** LYDIA (*coquettishly*). *parlando.*  
*mf* My friend, you are too rash: this sud - den pas-sion But ill beseems the  
*a tempo.*  
*leggiero.* *p*

terms of your al - le-giance. No soon - er have you touched your na - tive shore,

Than like the gi - ant in the old - en sto - ry, You seem to ga - ther  
*p*



strength for your at - tack Up - on the heart of a defence - less dam - sel. Such manners

may beseech the sav - age chieftain, Amongst his tribe; but you must know that I . . . Am not a

Cor - si - can, nor stand in awe Of all your pow - ers, or of the wild re -

- venge Which in your is - land speech you call ven - det

ta.

*dim.* *rit.* *p*



*Andante.* (*More tenderly.*) *p*

Ah! well I call to mind your gen - tle words, When to my fan - cy's

*Andante.* ♩ = 50. *mf* *p*

eye the life you pic - tured We were to lead a - midst your na - tive

hills, we were to lead a - midst your na - tive hills— How through the

for - est we were to roam Far from men's haunts . . . and their crowd - ed ci - ties,

*pp* *mf*

Far from their talk and their emp - ty sor - row, Think - ing nei - ther of

past, . . . nor . . . mor - row, think - ing nei - ther of past nor mor - row,

List' - ning a - lone to the ten - der dit - ties That the birds are sing - ing to one an -

List' - ning a - lone to the ten - der

oth - er, Or to the voice of the great wind, blow - ing From the

dit - ties That the birds are sing - ing to one an - oth - er, Or to the voice of the great wind,



heights of the snow-clad mountains, Ming - ling at last, . . . at .. last . . . with the  
 blow - ing From the heights . . . of the snow-clad moun - tains, Ming - ling at

mur - m'ring foun - tain, Faint - er and ev - er faint - er  
 last with the murm'ring foun - tain, Faint - er and

grow - ing, ev - er faint - er grow - ing.  
 ev - er . . . faint - er . . . grow - ing.

(Orso, who has been repeating the last passage line for  
*p dolce.* line as in a dream.)  
 Aye, but af - ter a long day's ride, When we



rest . . by the fountain's side, . . When we rest, . . when we rest, . . Where the

sha-diest seat of your choice is, When no list'ning ear is nigh, Shall I

read in your speaking eye, . . Shall we whis - per with ming - led voi - ces The sweet

words, . . "I love . . you!" the sweet words . . "I love, I love . .

*p espress.*



*p*

When the birds are

you!" . . . . . When the birds are sing - ing a - bove you,

*p*

6 6 6 3 3

sing - - - ing a - bove . . . you, When no list - - - 'ning

When no list - 'ning ear is nigh, . . . no ear is nigh, . . .

ear . . . is nigh, . . . Shall I read . . . in your

Shall I read in your speak - ing eye, . . . Shall we whis - per, . . . shall we

3

speak - - - ing . . . eye, . . . Shall we whis - per with ming-led

whis - per . . . the sweet words, Shall we whis - per with ming-led

*pp* *cres.*

*pp* *cres.*

*pp* *cres.*



The image shows a page from a musical score. It features four staves. The top two staves are vocal parts, likely for a soprano and an alto or tenor. The bottom two staves are for piano accompaniment. The music is in 3/4 time and the key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "voices, shall we whisper The sweet words, 'I'". The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "cres." (crescendo). There are also some markings that look like "3" above certain notes, possibly indicating triplets. The overall style is that of a vintage sheet music publication.

The image shows a page from a musical score for the song "I Love You" by Franz Schubert. It features four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto/Tenor), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics "love . . . you, I love . . . you, I love, I love," are written below the vocal staves. The music is in 3/4 time and B-flat major. Dynamics include *f* (forte), *mf* (mezzo-forte), *accel.* (accelerando), and *accel. cres.* (accelerando crescendo). The piano part includes a double bar line with repeat dots and a key signature change to B-flat major.

*Ped.* \*

I love you," . . . the sweet words, . . . "I love . . .

love . . . you," the sweet, the sweet words, . . . "I love

*f* *p*

*Ped.* \*

The image displays a musical score for the song "I Love You" by Franz Schubert. It consists of three staves: two vocal staves (Soprano and Alto) and a piano accompaniment staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal parts enter with the lyrics "you, I love you." The piano accompaniment features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic bass line in the left hand. The score includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), and *f* (forte), as well as tempo indications like *rit.* (ritardando) and *a tempo*. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.



LYDIA (who in her turn has been dreamily repeating Orso's words, with a sudden start).

*Allegro moderato.*

Hush, hush! you go too far; here is my fa-ther. *Allegro moderato.* ♩ = 100.

COUNT DE NEVERS (good-naturedly to Orso).

*mf*

While I at - tend . . . to the af - fairs of state, And vain - ly

try, with di - plo-ma-tic af - fa - bi - li - ty, To win . . . the King some hearts;

*mf*

I grieve that your a - bi - li - ty Of pub - lic speech has left me

to my fate, Be - ing, it seems, en-grossed by some grave sub-ject

Of phil - o - soph - ic im-port. May one ask Without of-fence, what

*fz p* *fz p* *fz p* *fz p* *mf* *p* *Sva...*

LYDIA (*interrupting him in great confusion*).

*mf* top-ic— Dear - est fa - ther, We on - ly talked of— *p* Cap-tain Or - so was— *rit.*

(More composedly.)  
H *a tempo.*

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system shows a vocal line on a single staff with a treble clef, starting with a half note 'H' and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The lyrics 'You know I love the songs the peo - ple sing, Those sim - ple songs which are to stilt - ed' are written below the staff. The second system shows a piano accompaniment with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The piano part begins with a dynamic marking of *p* and features a series of chords and single notes in both hands, with some notes beamed together.

You know I love the songs the peo - ple sing, Those sim - ple songs which are to stilt - ed

verse Of our Pa - ris - ian po - ets, what the vio - let Is to car - na - tions or

tall . . . sun - flowers So I was ask - ing what the song could be Which we heard



*Tempo del Vocero.*

faint - - ly as we were ap-proach-ing.

The mel - o - dy I well re - mem - ber, for I heard . . . a sai - lor

sing it as I walk'd on deck One star - lit night. But sud-den-ly he stopp'd As Captain Or - so came that

way ; nor would ex-plain The meaning of his song, or of his si-lence. My

who, with Chilina, has been standing near, watching the group).

friend, can you en-light-en this young la - dy As to the song your friends just now were sing-ing ?

SAVELLI.

Your Ex - cel - len - cy must par - don me.

The tune I know, and the words I could tell; But I al - so know the law full well, Which

(Looking significantly at Orso.)

(Aside.)

death to all those has de - creed Who give the rim-bec-co by word or deed. And without

ORSO (angrily).  
A tempo animato.

that, and without that the law does not love me, God knows! Pray keep your

(to Lydia.)  
Tempo 1mo.

clum - sy jests for those For whom they are fit - ted and in - tend - ed. Dear - est

p Tempo 1mo.



la - dy, be not of - fend - ed By the rude re-buke of an ob - stin - ate

*p dol.*  
clown; The song, I vouch, was but a sim - ple bal - lad, Or vo - ce - ro,

*mf* or cry of wild . . re - venge, With which the air of this un - hap - py is - land Is  
*fz* *f* *p* *dim.*

loud as with ill - o - men'd rav - ens' voi - ces. You may call me a  
SAVELLI (*gravely*).  
*mf*

*mf* clown, if you like; you may Re - vile your count - ry be - fore a stran - ger.  
*mf*

This is all in re - ply I have to say— Speak - ing in sor - row

and not in an - ger— Were I, Cap - tain Or - so, the son of your fa - ther,

(looking significantly at Lydia.)  
*f* *Animato.*  
 To the voice of that song I would lis - ten ra - ther Than to the soft - est of night - in -  
*pp* *Animato.* *f*

*Allegro vivo.*  $\text{♩} = 116.$  CHILINA (who has been standing apart, looking into the distance.)  
 - gales. Leave him, fa - ther, nothing a - vails Your an - gry

speech, . . if his heart is changed. But here comes one who to her will ex -  
*fz* *pp*



## SCENE III.

I *Allegro con spirito.*

(A tinkling of

- plain The song, and all else that to know she is fain.

*cres.* *f*

*Allegro con spirito. ♩ = 108.*

*mf* *f* *p*

*bells is heard from behind the scenes.)*

*p*

*p*

*p* *cres.*

*f*

*Basso stacc.*



mule, followed by two peasants on horseback, armed with guns and pistols. The trappings of the mule are black, as are Colomba's dress and veil. She dismounts and slowly approaches the group.)

ORSO (recognising Colomba). RECIT.

*The crotchets as before.* *f* Co-lom - ba, sis-ter, is it you in - deed! I scarce-ly know the ten - der child

*8va*

(He is going to embrace her. Colomba, ex-  
COLOMBA.

I left Ten years a - go in this fair state-ly maid-en. Bro ther!

*f* *lunga. f*

claiming "Brother!" is on the point of throwing herself into his arms; but, recovering from her first impulse, she stands motionless, with half-averted face. All look at her in surprise.)

SOPRANO. *pp* How strange her man - ner! her

ALTO. *pp* How strange her man - ner! She

TENOR. *pp* How strange her man-ner! See! She does not

BASS. *pp* Her face, her face is



COUNT (to Lydia).

Let us with -

face is sad. She shuns her brother, see! see! see!

does not speak. She shuns, she shuns her brother, see!

speak. She shuns, she shuns her brother, see!

sad: She does not speak. She shuns her brother, see!

*mf*

- draw: the sister and the brother At such a time would say to one another What

(Exit with Savelli, Chilina, and followers. Groups of market people, &amp;c., remain in the background.)

none must hear.

*f*

ORSO (to Lydia, who is about to withdraw with her father).

Oh, do not

*dim.* *sempre dim.* *p*



*poco meno mosso.*

leave us thus. Our fa - ther's death has o - ver-powered her; Not e - ven to a

*pp* *pp poco meno mosso.*

bro - ther can she tell . . . The grief that gnaws her heart and seals her lips; . .

*rit.* *Andante.*

. . . But all she may re - veal to one who is Her friend,

*Andante.*  $\text{♩} = 50.$

*rit.* *p*

*(Aside to Lydia.)*

*espress.* and in my heart I hope . will be her

*p*

*(Lydia goes up to Colomba and tries to comfort her; she turns away.)*

sis - ter.

*dolce.* *dim.*



*Allegro agitato.*

COLOMBA (to Orso, passionately).

*Allegro agitato. ♩ = 112.*

*p* 3 3 3 3 *cres* 6 6 6 6 *cen* do. *f* 3 3 *mf*

What can . . a

friend . . be to me, or a stran - ger's pi - ty, say! Have I not watched,

*fz* *p*

and wept, and wait - ed by night and day For the com - ing of

*f* *mf*

thee, . . who to me of all . . is dear - est? And now . . .

*fz* *p*

. . thou art come at last; I see thee, . . I feel thee near - est.

*mf* *cres.*



Yet . . my hand, my hand must not touch thee, my lips to thine . . must not

*fp*

cling; For be - tween us ri - ses my sa - cred vow, and the

*fp* *dim.*

sting Of dishon - our that ma - - keth our name a by-word in the land; Till revenge, till re -

*p*

- venge for my fa - ther's death . . has been wrought . . by my bro - ther's hand.

*cres.* *f*

*J* *Orso.* *p*  
Oh sis - ter, your strange words wake brood - ing thoughts

*pp*



Roused in my breast, when, on the eve of bat-tle, Our

fa - ther's sud - den fate came to my ear; But well - at -

- test - ed news that his own hand, By ac - ci - dent, had fired the dead - ly

shot Lulled all sus - pi - cion. *Agitato.* It was lulled too soon By a ve - nal

law - yer's ly - ing pen. Oh bro - - ther, let me not plead in

*COLOMBA.*

*mf*

*fz p tr*

*f* *mf* *tr*

*tr* *f* *p*

vain For the debt of re-venge that is due to the slain And our an - cient

*cres* - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do* . . . .

name and . . our blood - stain'd hon - our. *Orso* (*roused for a moment, but soon calm again*)

You are a child, Co -

*f* *mf fz* *fz* *fz*

- lom - - - ba ; you for - get That in my keep - ing is that sa - cred

*dim.* *mf*

hon - our Which, should I find it need - ful, I shall know How to de -

*f*

*Un poco meno mosso.* *K* *LYDIA* (*passionately*).

- fend . . and how to vin - di - cate. But not by means of

*mf* *p*



treach - er - ous re - venge, Which, though a Cor - si-can may think it sa - cred, Would on a

sol - - dier's hon - our be a stain, . . . That all your en - e - mies'

blood could not ef - face. Dear - est friend,

let a friend im - plore . . . you; Think of your com - rades, think, think of

France; Let not the fire . . . I saw . . . in your



glance Be kind - led to flames of pas - sion wild By the i - dle words of a reck - less

COLOMBA (to Orso).  
child. You call me a child!—you look up-on me As a dreamer of dreams! You shall hear, you shall

*f* *Agitato.*

(She rushes off hurriedly. Orso stands motionless,  
see, What the peo - ple think what the peo - ple say.

in brooding thought.) LYDIA (hurriedly to Orso).  
What - ev - er the mes - sage she may

*pp*

bring, Re-mem - ber, Or - so, this heart can - not

*pp*



cling To a mur - d'rer's heart; this hand can - not clasp An as - sas - sin's  
hand, with the knife in its grasp.

## SCENE IV.

(Re-enter Colomba, followed by Savelli, Chilina, and a crowd of Villagers from Pietranera, and others.)

Con spirito. ♩ = 108.

cres - cen - do.



## COLOMBA (to Villagers).

*f* *dim.*  
 Re-joice . . . with me, friends, for my brother at last has come 'To his or - phan'd  
*The crotchets as before.*

*p* *mf*  
 sis - ter, his lone - ly fa - ther-less home. The head of our

*Agitato.* *p*  
 an - cient house, . . he is brave, he is strong; To un - rav - el the truth he has  
*Agitato.*

come, . . to avenge the wrong . Which on us, as you know, our en - e - mies

*cres.* *f* *CHORUS. TENOR.*  
 have in - flic - ted, Al-though from him . . . it was hid. *(Savelli with Tenor.)*  
*f* It is  
 BASS.  
 It is  
*f*



true . . . they stand con - vic - ted By the voice of the peo - ple, which is the  
 true . . . they stand con - vic - ted By the voice of the peo - ple, which is the  
*marcato.*  
 voice, the voice of the Lord. . . . The Bar - ra - ci - ni,  
 voice, the voice of the Lord. . . . The Bar - ra - ci - ni,  
 the Bar - ra - ci - ni have done, . . . have done the deed. . . .  
 the Bar - ra - ci - ni have done, . . . have done the deed. . . .  
*Piu tranquillo.*  
 COLOMBA (to Orso).  
 One word, Let your sis - ter, dear bro - ther,  
*dim.* *Piu tranquillo.*  
*p.*



*rit.**Molto meno mosso.**ad lib.*

say in her own de - fence. You see me stand - ing

*mf rit.* *p*

here in the mark-et - place, De-void of fear, for - get - ful of maid - en - ly grace, Be-fore the

*p dolce.* *p dolce.*

peo - ple; but do not gath-er hence That such is my wont, I lived, as these may tell, . . . As a

*mf* *(pointing to the girls.) p*

maiden, meddling not with the ways of men; know-ing well That modest si-lence should as a

*dolce.* *p*

veil en - shroud her. But the voice of our mur - der'd fa - ther plead - ed

*p* *pp* *p*

loud - er Than girl-ish shame, and as on his bier I leant A tremb-ling came o - ver my

*Meno mosso.* *pp* *p* *pp*



heart, and a voice was sent From heav'n to me, and I sang I knew not how.

*p*

That voice, . . . the voice of the dove, you shall hear it now. It was in your

*pp*

heart, though you knew it not when you came From the dis - tant

*cres.* *mf* *p*

land. A - las! Now I know the name Of the

*LYDIA (aside).* *p* *mf* *p*

song that has haunt-ed my ear, and its fate - ful mean - ing. . . .

*stringendo.* *mf* *dim.*



# END OF THE VOCERO.

*Andantino. COLOMBA (quietly at first, but rising to passionate fervour).*

*pp* Gen - tle dove, thy flight thou must al - ter, Raise . . thy

*Andantino. ♩ = 92.*

*pp legato.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

wings . . on high, do not fal - ter; Fly to a far land a -

- cross . . the sea, . . Bring . . my bro - ther home . . to

me, . . Bring, oh, bring my brother home to me, .

*mf* Tell him no long - er he . . must tar - ry,

*fz* Nor let the shame on our fore - heads burn: Like the roy - al ea - gle, . . .

*mf*

*Ped.* \*



he must re - turn . . . And scare . . . the vul - - tures from their

*stringendo.* *dim.*

nest ; . . . And with beak and ta - lons that none . . . can par - ry, Tear

*mf*

o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, . . . . .

*f* *molto dim.*

*L'istesso tempo.* *p* . . . . . ta - king life for life, ta - king blood for blood ; . . . That our

*L'istesso tempo.* *p* *sempre*

*cres.* *stringendo.* fa - ther's spi - rit . . . may be at rest, . . . . . And the voice of our

*cres.* *e* *stringendo.* *stringendo.*



sor - row be drown'd in the cries! Of the widowed wives of our en - e - mies!

*f*

*ff* Ven - det - ta! . . . ven - det - ta!..

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR. (*Savelli with Tenor.*)

BASS.

*Sva*

*cres.*

det . . . ta!

*molto accel.*

ven-det . . . ta!

*f* ven-det - ta! . . . ven-det . . . ta!

*ff* ven-det . . . ta!

*f* ven-det - ta! . . . ven-det . . . ta!

*ff* ven-det . . . ta!

*Sva*

*molto accel.*

*ff*

*p*



# FINALE.

*Andante maestoso.* *Orso. mf* 3

There is death in her words,

*Andante maestoso.*  $\text{♩} = 60.$

*p* *pp* *R.H.* 3 *fp* *R.H.* 3

there is truth in her voice; What is my du - ty? what . . can be, can be my

*fp* 3

*CHILINA.* *pp*

I see the shame on his fore - head

*dim.*

choice? . . .

*SAVELLI. pp*

I see the shame on his fore - head

*dim.* *pp*

*LYDIA. p*

Let us fly from this

*CHILINA.*

burn; May his heart . . be firm, may his aim be good. I see the

burn; May his heart, . . his heart be firm, his aim be good. I see the



land, let us nev - er re - turn ; Do not stain . . . your

shame on his fore - head burn ; May his

shame on his fore - head burn, May his heart, . . . his

*p* *stringendo.* hon - - - our by shed - - - ding the

*p* *stringendo.* heart, his heart be firm, his aim, his aim be

*p* *stringendo.* heart, his heart be firm, his heart be firm, his aim be good, his

*stringendo.*

blood, . . . . With mur - d'rous hand, . . . . with mur - d'rous

good, his heart be firm, . . . . his aim be good,

heart be firm, his aim, his aim be



*mf* hand, . . . of the murd'rous brood, . . . Let us fly from this

*mf* May he brave - ly re - venge, *p* re - venge his fa - ther's blood, his

*mf* good, May he brave - ly re - venge his fa - ther's blood! *p* re - venge his fa - - - ther's

6 3 3 3 3

*p* *tr* 3

*un poco cres.* land, . . . let us nev - - - er re - turn; Do not stain your

*un poco cres.* fa - - - ther's blood! *un poco cres.* may he brave - ly re - venge, . . . may he

blood! . . . may . . . he brave - ly re - venge, . . . may he

3 3 3 3 3 3 3

*un poco cres.*

hon - our by shed - - - ding the blood . . . of the mur - d'rous

brave - ly re - venge his fa - ther's blood, his fa - ther's blood, his fa - - - ther's

brave - - - ly, . . . re - venge . . . his fa - ther's blood, his fa - - - ther's

3 3 3 *dim.*



M *un poco più animato.*

LYDIA.

brood. *marcato.*

COLOMBA.

Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will, . . he will re - turn And

CHILINA.

blood!

I see the shame on his fore - head burn,

ORSO.

SAVELLI.

Shall for ev - er, for ev - er the shame

blood! I see, I see the shame on his fore - head burn;

CHORUS (*dispensing*).*p*

Do not listen to

Do not listen to

*un poco più animato.* ♩ = 80.

M

*mf**p**tr*

tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, of the mur - d'rous brood, . . Tak - ing

May his heart be firm, may his heart be firm, his aim be good, . . May he

on my fore - head burn? Can I cleanse my hon - - - our by

May his heart be firm, his aim, his aim be good, . . .

them, let us homeward turn, do not lis - ten, let us homeward

them, let us homeward turn, do not lis - ten, let us homeward



A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.



Do . . not stain your hon -

Tak - ing life for life, . . . tak - ing

firm, may his aim . . be good, May he brave

Can I cleanse my hon

firm, may his aim . . be good, May he brave

it brings no good To list - en to

brings, it brings no good To list - en to

no good To list - en to

it brings no good To list - en to

our by shed - ding the blood, . . . the

blood . . for blood, tak - ing life . . .

ly re - venge, may he brave

our by shed - ding the blood,

ly revenge, re - venge, may he brave

talk of revenge and blood,

talk of revenge and blood,

of revenge and blood, to list - en to

talk of revenge and blood, to list - en to

*stringendo.*



*stringendo.*

blood, . . . *cres.* the blood, the  
 for life, for life . . . and blood, . . . for  
 ly re - venge his fa - ther's  
 the blood of the mur - d'rous, mur - d'rous  
 ly re - venge . . . his fa - ther's

*stringendo.*

*cres.* of re - venge . . . and  
 of re - venge and blood, . . . of re - venge and  
 talk of re - venge and blood, . . . of re - venge and  
 talk of re - venge and blood, . . . of re - venge . . . and

*cres.* *stringendo.*

*N Animato.*

blood! . . . *cres.*  
 blood!  
 blood!  
 brood, the blood! . . . Shall for  
 blood! . . .

blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al . . .  
 blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al  
 blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al  
 blood, of re - venge and blood, Like the roy - al

*cres.* *N Animato.* 100.  
*marcato.* *tr*



Let us, let us

Like the roy - al ea - gle, he . . will re - turn . .

I . . see . . the shame on his fore - head burn ;

ev - - er the shame . . on my fore - head burn ? . .

I . . see . . the shame on his fore - head burn ;

ea - - gle, he will, . . he will re - turn And

ea - - gle, he will, he will . . re - turn . . And

ea - - gle, he will, he will re - turn And

ea - - gle, he will, he will re - turn And

fly from this land, . . let us nev - er re -

And tear o - pen, tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous

May his heart be firm, his heart be firm, may his

Can I cleanse my hon - our by shed - ing the blood of the mur - d'rous,

May his heart be firm, his heart be

tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - d'rous brood, the mur - - d'rous

tear, . . o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous

tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous

tear o - pen the hearts of the mur - - d'rous



- turn; . . . Do not stain . . . your hon - our by . .  
 brood, . . . And tear o - pen, and tear  
 aim, his aim be good, be good, May he brave - ly re -  
 brood, . . . the blood, . . . with mur - d'rous  
 firm, may his aim be good, . . . be good, May he  
 brood, . . . Tak - ing life . . . for . . . life . . . tak - ing  
 brood, . . . Tak - ing life, tak - ing life, tak - ing  
 brood, . . . Tak - ing life, tak - ing life, tak - ing  
 brood, . . . Tak - ing life, tak - ing life, tak - ing  
 shed - ding the blood . . . of the mur - d'rous  
 o - pen. *cres.* Tak - ing life . . . for  
 - venge, re - venge, re - venge,  
 hand, . . . the blood, with mur - d'rous hand, with mur - d'rous  
 brave - ly re - venge, re - venge, re - venge his fa - ther's  
 life for life, and blood for  
 life for life, and blood for  
 life for life, and blood for  
 life for life, and blood for  
*accel.* *cres.* *molto.*



*sempre accel.*

brood. Do not stain . . your hon - our by shed - ding the  
 life, for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing  
 may he brave - ly re - venge, re - venge, re - venge his fa - ther's  
 hand, with murd'rous hand, mur - d'rous hand,  
 blood, revenge, revenge, re - venge his fa - ther's  
 blood, tak - ing life . . for . . life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing  
 blood, tak - ing life for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing  
 blood, tak - ing life for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing  
 blood, tak - ing life for life, tak - ing blood, tak - ing

*sempre accel.*

*Ped.*

*Animato.*

blood,  
 blood, and blood for blood,  
 blood, his fa - ther's blood,  
 with murd'rous hand,  
 blood, his fa - ther's blood.  
 blood, for blood, tak - ing life for life, . . . tak - ing  
 blood, for blood, tak - ing life for life, . . . tak - ing  
 blood, for blood, tak - ing life for life, . . . tak - ing  
 blood, for blood, tak - ing life for life, . . . tak - ing

*ff* *Animato.*  $\text{♩} = 112.$



of the mur - d'rous brood,  
tak - ing blood for blood.  
his fa - ther's blood!  
of the mur - d'rous brood,  
his fa - ther's blood,  
blood for blood, tak - ing blood for blood, for blood,  
blood for blood, tak - ing blood, blood for blood,  
blood for blood, tak - ing blood, blood for blood.  
blood for blood, tak - ing blood, blood for blood. tempo 1mo. ♩ = 80.  
8va. molto ritard. dim.

Let us fly from this land, let us nev - er re -  
I see the shame on his fore-head  
Shall for  
I see the shame on his fore-head  
Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re-turn,  
Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re-turn,  
Like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re-turn,  
he will re - turn.  
p dim. pp



turn. *p* Let us  
like the roy - al ea - gle, he  
burn. *p* on my fore - head  
ev - er *p* on his fore - head  
burn, *pp* like the roy - al ea - gle, he will, he will re -  
like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re -  
like the roy - al ea - gle, he will re - turn, he will re - turn, re -  
he will re - turn, he will re - turn, re -  
L.H. *Ped.* \* *più animato.*  
fly, let . . . us fly, *dim.*  
will re - turn, he will, he will re - turn, *dim.*  
the shame . . . on his fore - head burn, *dim.*  
burn, on my fore - head burn, *dim.*  
burn, on his fore - head . . . burn, . . . (They disperse slowly.)  
turn, . . . he will re - turn, *dim. sempre*  
turn, he will re - turn, *dim.*  
turn, he will re - turn, *dim.*  
turn, he will re - turn, *dim.*  
turn, he will re - turn, *più animato. ♩ = 100.*  
*dim.*



COLOMBA.

Bro - ther, fare - well! . . . I go to Pie - tra - ne - ra, To bid you

*pp*

wel - come to . . . our fa - - ther's house. . . .

*p*

*(Exit slowly with*

*Savelli and Chilina.)* *Andante.*  $\text{♩} = 50.$

*pp dolce.*

*Sva.*

*sempre cres.*

*f*

*(Lydia, after a long look*

at Orso, leaves in the opposite direction. Orso remains alone on the stage.)

*dim. molto.* *p* *sempre dim.* *pp*

*(The curtain falls slowly.)*

*dim.* *pp*

*Ped. \**

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



## ACT II.

The stage represents a Green in the village of Pietranera. In the back-ground a large mulberry tree, the branches of which are hung with withered garlands of flowers and laurel wreaths. To the right is the house of the Della Rebbia, to the left that of the Barracini, both with open verandahs in front.

*Largo con duolo.* (♩ = 42.)

The musical score is written for piano and consists of six systems of staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 12/8. The tempo is marked 'Largo con duolo' with a note value of 42 beats per minute. The score includes various dynamics such as *p* (piano), *pp* (pianissimo), *fz* (forzando), *dim.* (diminuendo), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The notation includes treble and bass clefs, key signatures, time signatures, and various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and accidentals.



(Curtain rises.)

81

*p* *legato.* *dim.* *A*

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a series of sixteenth-note runs, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The tempo is marked *legato.* and the dynamics range from *p* to *dim.* The system concludes with a section labeled *A*.

COLOMBA (alone, reclining on a bench under the tree).

*RECIT.* *ad lib.* *mf* *p* *Recit.*

At home! at home! what is my

The first vocal system begins with a recitative section marked *RECIT.* and *ad lib.* The melody is in a higher register, with dynamics *mf* and *p*. The piano accompaniment is in a lower register, marked *pp* and *p*. The system ends with a section labeled *Recit.*

*a tempo.* *p* *a tempo.* *p*

home . . to me? . . . And what to him whom from the dream of love . . I rude-ly

The second vocal system continues the melody with a tempo change to *a tempo.* The dynamics are *p*. The piano accompaniment also features a tempo change to *a tempo.* and a dynamic of *p*.

*p* *2* *4* *12*  
8

woke— . . . woke . . to per - form . . a

The third vocal system includes a section with a 2/4 time signature. The dynamics are *p*. The piano accompaniment features a section with a 2/4 time signature and a dynamic of *p*.

*B* *mf* *2* *2* *3* *mf* *fp* *mf cresc.*

du - ty Which, to his wav - 'ring heart, ap-pears a crime?

The fourth vocal system begins with a section labeled *B*. The melody is marked *mf* and includes triplet markings. The piano accompaniment is marked *mf* and *fp*, with a *mf cresc.* section. The system ends with a section labeled *G*.



Oh Or - so, thou . . art brave! I saw the fire— E'en as did she . . you

love— which in thy heart Was kin - dled by the tale . . . of our dis -

- hon - our. . . But for-eign ways . . . and

*Crotchets as before.*

for - eign love have dimmed Thy see - ing eyes. What mat - ters it? I

know . . That when the hour . . has come . . the murd'rous plot . . Will be re -

*a tempo.*



*cres.* *ff* (She leans on an over-  
 - veal - ed, . . . and thou . . . wilt see and do.

- hanging branch of the tree, and takes one of the withered wreaths, which she mechanically plucks to pieces.)

*dim.* *dim.* *p*

*fz* *fz*

*Allegro impetuoso. (Sadly.)* *p*  
 But what am I . . . that I to fierce - est

*Allegro impetuoso. ♩ = 104.* *p* *L.H.*

*p* com - bat, . . . Per - haps to death, . . . should goad the bro - ther who To

*p* *R.H.*



me is all in all?

*f*

*f*

Or <sup>3</sup> so, . . thy fate is mine; Thou suf - - ferest not a - lone, . .

*ff* *mf* *fz*

one . . ter-ri-ble night Has blight - - ed all the

*fp* *mf*

blos - - soms of . . my . . youth, And what re-mains is void . .

*p*

. . . of scent . . and sweet - ness, Even as these with - er'd

*f* *dim.* *p*



(With a sudden impulse.)

flowers of yes - ter - year. But what

boots . . it to think, . . or to sor - row, When the die of our

life . . . is cast? What is de - creed . . must come . . . at

*rit.* **E a tempo.**

*a tempo.*

last, . . Be it to - day . . or be it to - mor - row ;

*dim.*

*f* *dim.* *p* *f*

Fate is swift . . . as the fly - ing swal - low.

*f* *3*



From thy tomb, . . . oh fa - ther, I hear a voice . . .

*fp* *stringendo.* *sempre cres.*

Cry - ing for ven - geance.

*ff* *F*

*mf* *a piacere.* I have no choice, . . . . I have no

*p* *a piacere.*

choice ;—

*Largo, come prima.*  $\frac{12}{8}$

*a tempo.* *Largo, come prima.*  $\text{♩} = 42.$

*pp* *f* *fz* *p*

Whi - ther it leads me . . I must fol - low, . . .



Whi - ther it leads me I must fol - low, . . . I must

fol - low. . . .

*mf* *mf*

*dim.*

*p* *p*

*legato.*

*f* *f* *dim.* *p*

*Ped.* \*



# BALLET MUSIC AND RUSTIC MARCH.

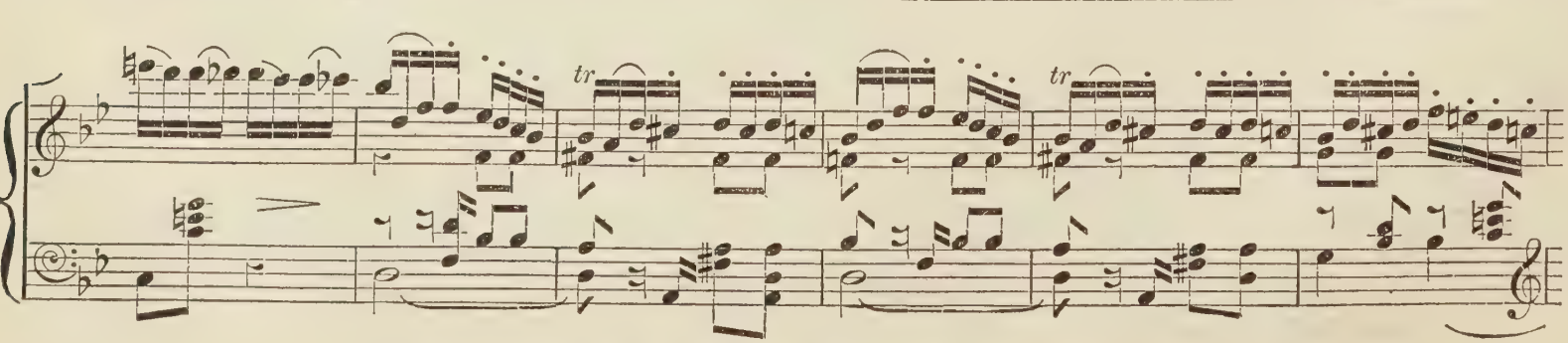
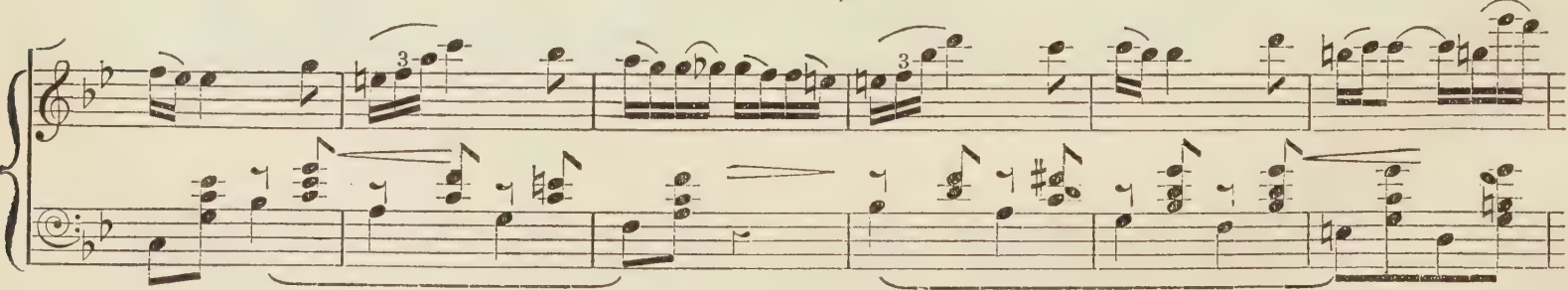
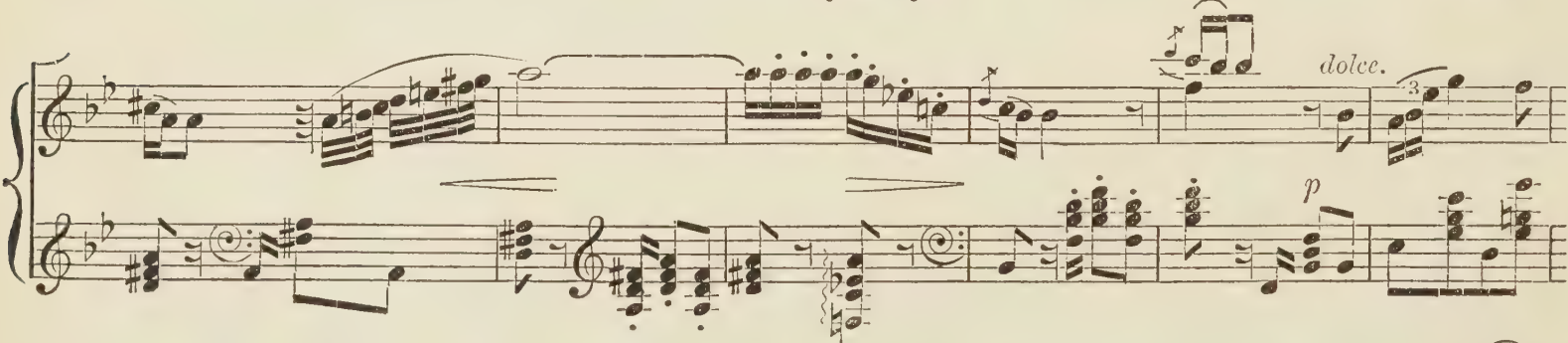
*As she slowly goes into the house, enter a merry throng of Village-girls, bearing flowers and wreaths. They begin a lively but graceful dance, trying to entangle each other in the garlands.*

No. 1.

*Presto.* ♩ = 132.



*Allegretto grazioso.* ♩ = 88.





Musical score for A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba." The score is written for piano and features a variety of musical notations and dynamics. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The score is divided into several systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs).

Dynamics and markings include:
 

- f* (forte) at the beginning of the first system.
- accel.* (accelerando) in the first system.
- f* (forte) in the first system.
- mf* (mezzo-forte) in the first system.
- dim.* (diminuendo) in the first system.
- p* (piano) in the second system.
- calando.* (ritardando) in the second system.
- pp a tempo.* (pianissimo at tempo) in the second system.
- Sva.* (Sustained) in the third system.
- tr* (trills) in the fourth system.
- accel.* (accelerando) in the fourth system.
- p* (piano) in the fourth system.
- p* (piano) in the fifth system.

The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and fingerings (e.g., 3, 6). The piece concludes with a final chord in the last system.



This musical score is for A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba," arranged for piano. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor), and the time signature is 3/4. The score is characterized by its dense, arpeggiated texture, with many chords and rapid sixteenth-note passages. Dynamics are indicated throughout, including *f* (forte), *p* (piano), *fp* (fortissimo piano), *cres.* (crescendo), *ff* (fortissimo), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The piece concludes with a section marked *B* and a final *p* (piano) dynamic.



Musical score for piano, measures 1-40. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features complex piano textures with many chords and triplets. Dynamics include *mf*, *p*, *f*, and *ff*. Performance markings include *molto accel.* and *Presto. ♩ = 132.*

## No. 2.

(They are interrupted by the entrance of another girl, who holds in her hand a single wreath of white flowers. She points towards the tree, indicating that she wishes to hang the wreath on the large branch. The others try to prevent her, and to snatch the wreath from her.)

*Andantino. ♩ = 72.*

Musical score for piano, measures 41-50. The score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one flat. It features a more melodic texture with triplets. Dynamics include *p* and *pp*.



This musical score is for A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba," arranged for piano. It consists of seven systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

The score features a variety of musical notations and dynamics:

- System 1:** The right hand plays a flowing melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and triplets. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*.
- System 2:** The right hand includes a trill (*tr*) and the instruction *ad lib.* (ad libitum). The left hand continues with chords and triplets. Dynamics include *p*.
- System 3:** The right hand features a trill (*tr*) at the end of the system. The left hand has triplets and chords. Dynamics include *p*.
- System 4:** The right hand has a melodic line with slurs. The left hand has a sustained chord in the bass. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo).
- System 5:** The right hand has a melodic line. The left hand has a section labeled "L.H." (Left Hand) with chords. Dynamics include *p*.
- System 6:** The right hand has a melodic line. The left hand has a section labeled "L.H." with chords. Dynamics include *mf* and *p*. The instruction *dolce.* (dolce) is present.
- System 7:** The right hand has a melodic line. The left hand has a section labeled "C" (Clef) and triplets. Dynamics include *pp*.



Musical score for A.C. Mackenzie's "Colomba." The score is written for piano and features a variety of musical techniques and dynamics. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The score is divided into seven systems, each with a treble and bass staff.

The first system includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The second system features a *calando.* (ritardando) marking and a *p* (piano) dynamic. The third system includes a *tr* (trill) marking. The fourth system includes a *f* (forte) dynamic and a *dim.* marking. The fifth system includes a *p* dynamic and a *Ped.* (pedal) marking. The sixth system includes a *rit.* (ritardando) marking. The seventh system includes a *R.H.* (Right Hand) marking and a *rit.* marking. The score concludes with a key signature change to one flat (Bb) and a 6/8 time signature.



The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time, marked with a tempo of 126. It consists of seven systems of two staves each. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings. The first system begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and a crescendo marking (*cres. sempre.*). The second system features a forte (*f*) dynamic and a fortissimo (*fz*) marking. The third system includes a fortissimo (*fz*) marking and a right-hand (*R.H.*) instruction. The fourth system has a fortissimo (*fz*) marking and a left-hand (*L.H.*) instruction. The fifth system includes a fortissimo (*fz*) marking. The sixth system features a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic. The seventh system includes a fortissimo (*f*) dynamic and a *Sva.* (Sustained) marking. The score concludes with a final chord.



*Sua*..... **D**

**ff**

**f**

**p**

**f**

*il basso sempre legato.*

**f**

**fz**

**p**

*cres.*

*cres. molto.*

*cres.*

**f**



The musical score consists of seven systems, each with a violin staff (treble clef) and a piano staff (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various musical symbols such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

Key markings and dynamics include:
 

- il basso legato.* (written below the first system's piano staff)
- f* (forte) in the first system's piano staff.
- mf* (mezzo-forte) in the third system's violin staff.
- f* (forte) in the fifth system's piano staff.
- fz* (forzando) in the seventh system's piano staff.
- Sva* (Sustained Vibration) in the seventh system's violin staff.

The notation features complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and various rests. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.



The musical score consists of six systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings. The first system has a *fz* marking. The second system has a *fz* marking. The third system has a *fz* marking. The fourth system has a *fz* marking. The fifth system has a *fz* marking and a *4* marking. The sixth system has a *fz* marking and a *cres.* marking. The score ends with a double bar line and a final chord.

*At last she disentangles herself, and, standing on the seat, suspends the wreath from the branch. The other girls at the same time tear down the old garlands and replace them by those they have brought.*



CHORUS. SOPRANO. (As the girl reaches the tree a chorus of boys and young men chant:)

*Un poco meno mosso e maestoso.*

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

ALTO.

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

TENOR.

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

BASS.

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio; . .

*Un poco meno mosso e maestoso.*

8va.

*mf*

A - ve, Re - gi - na del - la bel - - tà. . .

A - ve, Re - gi - na del - la bel - - tà. . .

A - ve, Re - gi - na del - la bel - - tà. . .

A - ve, Re - gi - na del - la bel - - tà. . .

A - ve, Re - gi - na del - la bel - - tà. . .

*f*

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - to e sag - - gio!

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - to e sag - - gio! . .

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - to e sag - - gio! . .

Ch'il su - o reg - no sia be - a - to e sag - - gio! . .

*mf*



*Tempo 1mo.*

A lei a - mo - - re, a lei . . fe - del - tà! . .

A lei a - mo - - re, a lei . . fe - del - tà! . .

A lei a - mo - - re, a lei fe - del - tà! . .

A . . lei a - mo - - re, a lei fe - del - tà! . .

*Tempo 1mo.*

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - -

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - -

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - -

Sal - - ve, . . sal - - ve Re - gi - -

- na del Mag - - gio; A - - ve, Re - gi - - na

- na del Mag - - gio; A - - ve, Re - gi - - na

- na del Mag - - gio; A - - ve, Re - gi - - na

- na del Mag - - gio; A - - ve, Re - gi - - na



del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

del - la bel - - tà. . . Ch'il su - o

*Sva*

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

reg - no sia be - a - - to e sag - gio! A

*Sva*

1st time.

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

lei a - mo - - re a le - i fe - del - tà. . .

*fz*



2nd time.

tà. . . . .

tà. . . . .

tà. . . . .

tà. . . . .

(Before the Chorus is quite finished, and mingling with it, are heard from behind the scenes the sounds of a March played on fiddles, guitars, drums and other rustic instruments.)

No. 4.

## RUSTIC MARCH.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

*f* *p* *p*

*p* *mf* *mf* *p*

*mf* *p*



First system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a grace note 'G' and a dynamic marking of *mf*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Second system of musical notation. The right hand includes a trill marked '10' and a dynamic marking of *Sva*. The left hand continues the accompaniment.

Third system of musical notation. The right hand has a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f*.

Fourth system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment.

Fifth system of musical notation. The right hand includes a trill marked '10' and a dynamic marking of *Sva*. The left hand continues the accompaniment.

(Enter, preceded by the village musicians, gardes-champêtres, &c., Count Nevers, followed

by Orso, the two Barracini, and others.)

Sixth system of musical notation. The right hand includes a trill marked '10' and a dynamic marking of *Sva*. The left hand continues the accompaniment.

Seventh system of musical notation. The right hand features a melodic line with a dynamic marking of *f*. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment.



SCENE III.

*Allegro.* RECIT. COUNT. *f* 3

Whence this gay throng? Tell me what is the meaning Of this fair

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI. *mf* 3 3

group, this song-en-liv-en'd mirth? It is the cus - tom of our vil - lage maid - ens, That on the

*Allegro moderato.* ♩ = 96. *mf* 3 3 3 3

3 first . . of May they crown with gar - lands This an - cient tree ; and she who is the

*mf* 3 3 3 3

fair - est . . Of all the dam - sels, if she but sus - pend From yonder branch her cor - o - net, is

3

forth - with Pro - claim'd the Queen of Beau - ty and . . . of May.

*f* 3 3 3 3



COUNT (with old-fashioned gallantry to the girl, who bows low before him.)

*f*

I greet . . thee, Queen of Beauty and of May.

*mf* *ff*

## A CHORUS. SOPRANO.

Sal - ve, . . sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A lei a -

ALTO.

Sal - ve, . . sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A lei a -

TENOR.

Sal - ve, sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A lei a -

BASS.

Sal - ve, . . sal - ve, Re - gi - na del Mag - gio! A . . lei a -

- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .

- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .

- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .

- mo - re, a le - i fe - del - tà! . .

*mf*



GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (to Count).

*mf* 3 3

They say the rite is an - cient, and has come to us From times of heathen wor-ship.

*f*

Sen - e - ca, When in his Cor - si - can ex - ile he sat lone - ly Chaf - ing and

*mf* *p*

writ - ing, saw with an - gry eyes The vil - lage

3 3 3 3

maid - ens danc - ing round the tree, 3 Even as we see them now. . . *leggiere.*

*mf* *p*

COUNT. *mf*

O hap - - py o - men That on this day of an - cient

3 3 3



glad - ness. I Should be a-mongst you to pro-claim the end Of

en - mi - ty al-most as old. The no - ble hous - es of Del-la Reb - bia and of Bar-ra -

- ci - ni, Di-vi - ded long by ha - tred, will to - day Join hands in

peace, for - get - ting mu - tual wrongs. *calando.* *più Agitato.* (The crowd give signs of surprise, but no one speaks.)

My friend here is con-vinced, by am - ple proof, That all sus -

*mf* *rit.* (pointing to Orso.) *Tempo 1mo.*  $\text{♩} = 96.$  *espress.*



- pi-cion of foul play sur-round-ing The death of his dear fa - ther, was de -

*mf*

L.H.

- void Of sub - stance; and he frank - - ly owns his er - ror.

*Agitato. (Renewed)*

*Agitato. ♩ = 126.*

R.H. *mf* *fp* *fp*

*murmuring amongst the crowd.)*

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI. *f*

And I as

*f*

*rit.* *C Allegretto, soave.* *p (To Orso.)*

frank - ly take his prof-fer'd word, Cap - - tain, your

*Allegretto, soave. ♩ = 84.*

*rit.* *p* *p*

fa - ther loved . . me not. Our paths Were dif - - fer-ent.



and our pri - vate feuds Were fanned by pub - - - - lic

dis - cord. *p* He . . . was pledged To Bo - na - parte's

for - tune; I ad - hered In loy - al faith to our most Sa - - - cred

R.H.

King. But nev - - - er, nev - er did the

thought of vio - lent u - sage. . . En - - ter this heart. . .



*f*

Your fa - ther was a sol - dier, Rea - dy to draw the sword in his own

*mf* *p*

quar - rel. Mine . . is a scho - lar's mind, and by the law, Which I . . pro -

*p legato.* *p*

- fess and hon - our, I a - bide. . . .

**D** SOME OF THE CROWD (*aside*).

*pp*

Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,

*pp*

Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,

*pp*

Soft is his word, sweet is his smile,

*pp*

Soft is his word, soft is his word, sweet is his smile, sweet is his

**D** *pp* *p*



*pp*  
Take care how you trust a law-ye's  
*pp*  
Take care how you trust a law-ye's  
*pp*  
Take care how you trust a law-ye's  
smile, Take care, take care, take care, take care how you trust,  
Orso (*distantly*). *mf* I have no cause to doubt your word. *f* Yea, let the past Be  
guile, take care,  
guile, take care,  
guile, take care,  
how you trust a lawyer's guile,  
*Largamente.*  
past. The an-cient feud . . . be-tween our hous-es I will-ing-ly for-  
get; too long has Cor-si-ca Been made the bat-tle field of pri-vate ha-tred.  
*Più Allegro. ♩ = 100.* *f*



COUNT.

Then let the news be spread throughout the land.

*(Aside to Orso.)*

To none more welcome than to Ly - dia,

When she arrives to-morrow—

the joyful

news

That by the sci - ons of these an - cient hous - es To - day

the dis - cord

of a hun-dred years . . Was chang'd for good - will and per - pet - ual

*calando.*

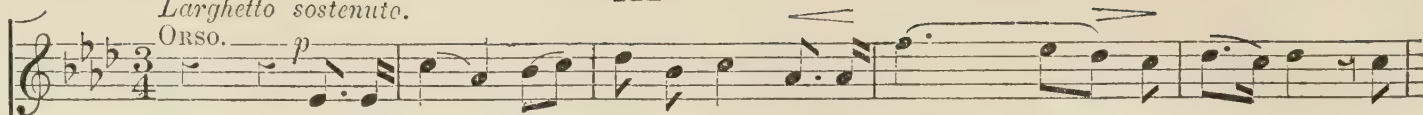
peace.

*mf calando.**p**rit.*



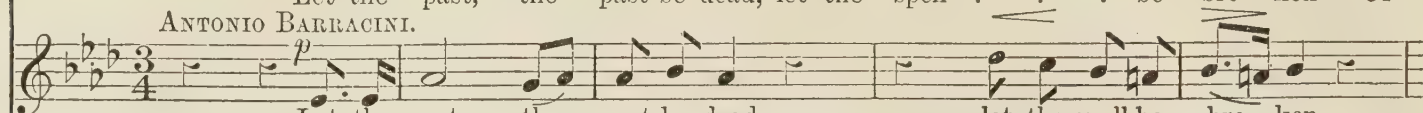
*Larghetto sostenuto.*

ORSO.



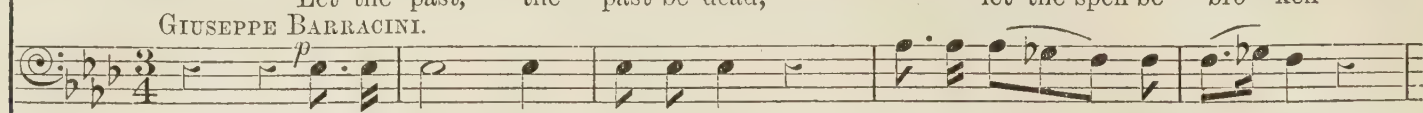
Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . . be bro - ken Of

ANTONIO BARRACINI.



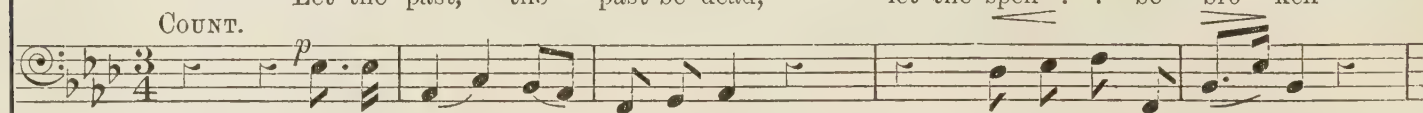
Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell be bro - ken

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI.



Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . . be bro - ken

COUNT.



Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell be bro - ken

*Larghetto sostenuto.*  $\text{♩} = 72$ .*legato.*

ha - - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son ; Let our

Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son ; Let our

Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son ; Let our hands, let our

Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son ; Let our

hands be joined as a sym - bol and to - ken That all thought of

hands be joined as a sym - bol and to - ken That

hands be joined, as a sym - bol, as a sym - bol and to - ken That

hands be joined as a sym - bol and to - ken That



dis-cord is van-ished, is van-ished and gone, is  
 all thought of. . dis-cord is van-ished, van-ished and gone, is  
 all thought of dis-cord is van-ished, van-ished and gone, is  
 all thought of. . dis-cord is van-ished and gone, is

*dim.* vanished and gone, *p* Let the spell be bro-ken,  
*dim.* vanished and gone, *p* Let the spell be.. bro-ken,  
*dim.* vanished and gone, *p* Let the spell be.. bro-ken of ha-  
*dim.* vanished and gone, *p* the spell be bro-ken,

## CHORUS. SOPRANO.

*p* Let the past, . . the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro-ken Of

## ALTO.

*p* Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro-ken

## TENOR.

*p* Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro-ken

## BASS.

*p* Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro-ken

Let the past, the past be dead, let the spell . . be bro-ken



from fa - - ther to son; Let our  
 Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son: Let our  
 - - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; Let our hands. let our  
 Of ha - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - ther to son; let our  
 ha - - tred, de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; Let our  
 Of ha - tred de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; Let our hands, let our  
 Of ha - tred de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; Let our hands, let our  
 Of hatred de - scend - ed from fa - - ther to son; let our

hands be join'd as a to - ken That all thought of dis - cord is  
 hands be join'd as a sym - bol and a to - ken that all thought of  
 hands be join'd as a sym - bol and to - ken that all . . . thought, all thought of  
 hands be join'd as a to - ken that all that all thought . . . of  
 that all thought of dis - cord is  
 hands be join'd as a sym - bol and to - ken that all thought is  
 hands be join'd as a sym - bol and to - ken that all thought of dis - cord, of  
 hands be join'd as a sym - bol, as a sym - bol and to - ken that all thought of  
 hands be join'd as a sym - bol, as a sym - bol and to - ken that all thought of



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van - ished, van - ished and gone, is . . van - ished,  
dis - cord is . . van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished,  
dis - cord is van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished, is..  
dis - cord is . . van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished,  
van ished, cord is van - ished and gone, is . . van - ished,  
dis - cord is . . van - ished, van - ished and gone, is . . van - ished  
dis - cord is van - ished, is van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished,  
dis - cord is van - ished, van - ished and gone, . . is van - ished,  
van - ished and gone, . . and gone.  
van - ished and gone.  
van - ished and gone.  
van - ished, is van - ished and gone.  
van - ished, van - ished and gone.  
van - ished, van - ished and gone.  
van - ished, van - ished and gone.  
van - ished, van - ished and gone.  
rit.



# SCENE III.

Great commotion amongst the crowd. The partisans of the two houses, who have hitherto stood apart, approach each other with friendly gestures. As Orso is about to take the outstretched hand of Giuseppe, enter, from the house, Colomba, who throws herself between the two.

*Allegro vivace.*

*Allegro vivace. ♩ = 132.*

*COLOMBA (in a frenzy of excitement).*

*f* Touch not his hand, Or - so; our fa-ther's blood is on it.

*ff ffz fz* (General astonishment; deep silence for a few moments.)

*Allegro comodo.* COUNT (to Colomba, gravely but kindly).

*Allegro comodo. ♩ = 92.* Grave is your charge a-against this worthy man. Can you support it by a

*mf fz pp staccato sempre.*

*COLOMBA (eagerly).* *mf più agitato.*

trus - - ty wit-ness? The wit-ness is at hand if you will vouch His safe-ty from the

*F COUNT.*

clutch - es of the law. Free as he came he shall de-part, . . pro -



(Apologetically to Giuseppe.)

- vi - ded, pro-vi - ded He speak the truth. Your in - no - cence, my friend, Will

(Colomba, who  
*Allegro con impeto.*

be the more es-ta-blished if a hear - ing Is grant-ed to your bitterest en - e - - mies,

*Allegro con impeto* ♩ = 100.

has rushed into the house, now returns, followed by Savelli. Great surprise amongst the crowd.)

CHORUS. SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?

Sa - vel - li, the brigand, the King of the Moun - tains, he here, he here?



Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

Does he thus brave the law— does he dare to ap-pear?

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (*to Count*). *f* 4

Your kind - ness is a - bused.

*mf* *f* *mf*

This man can-not Be wit - ness. His head . . . is for-feit to the

*f* 4 *fz*

law ; He is a com - mon robber and as - sas - sin.

*mf* 4 *mf* *mf* 4 *G*



SAVELLI (*coolly to Giuseppe*).

*mf* That cap, sir, might fit a - no - ther man As well as me ;

*mf* *tr* *fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

but of this a - non. *f* I'm not ashamed of my deed, I'm not ashamed of my deed ; it was

done In the way of ven - det - ta—our Cor - si - can way. *mf* (to Count.) You may ask the

*f* *mf*

peo - - - ple here ; they can Tell you it was in broad day-light, And not from be - hind, in the

*8va* *fz* *fz*

shel - - - ter of night, *p* That I killed . . . my man in o - pen

*8va* *fz* *p* *cres.*



*cres.* *f*

fight. . . . Then, then I took to the *mac - - chia*; but

no one can say That ev - er I robbed . . a poor man of his

*f* *fz* *>*

(looking at Giuseppe again.)

own, Or made . . the wi - dow and or - phan moan, . . . Like cer - tain

*ad lib.* *a tempo.*

hon - est men . . of the law. . . .

*mf* *p*

*H Un poco più tranquillo.* (to Orso.) *p*

*dolce.* The best man I ev - er heard of or saw, . . Your fa - ther, to

*p*



pi - ty his heart in - clined. . . . When I had to fly and

*al Basso stacc.*

leave . . . be - hind My lit - tle daugh - ter, where did she find Shel - ter and

com - fort and ten - der care But with him and this dear la - dy here? *(pointing to Colomba.)*

*p*

*mf*

It is true that to him I had been al - way A trust - y ser - vant; by night . . . and

*fz*

day, At home, on the bat - tle field, . . . by his side . . . I

*p*



stood, . . whe - ther weal or woe be - tide, . . . And so . . at

last, . . at last . . in these arms . . he died. . . .

*(All show their surprise.)*

**I**

CHORUS. SOPRANO. *pp* What shall . . we hear? The

CHORUS. ALTO. *pp* What shall . . we hear?

CHORUS. TENOR. *pp* What will he dis - close; . . what shall we hear? The

CHORUS. BASS. *pp* What will he dis - close; . . what shall . . we hear?

**I**

dark deed, the dark . . deed . . shroud

The dark deed, . . the dark . . deed shroud - ed by

dark . . deed shroud - ed, . . shroud - ed by deep - est

The dark deed, . . the dark . . deed, shroud - ed by



ed by deep - est night Will at

deep - - - est night Will at

deep - - - est night Will at last be known,

deep - - - est night Will at last

*p*

last be known and come to

last be known and come to

be known and come to light, . . . to

be known and come . . . to

*mf*

*cres.*

SAVELLI (going up to Giuseppe and fixing his eye on him).

Yes; I . . . can wit - ness, light.

light.

light.

light.

light.

*f*

*ff*

*Ped.*



*Larghetto con affetto.*

for I . . . was near ;

*Larghetto con affetto. ♩. = 50.*

*f* *mf* *p*

*con espressione.*

I saw the flash, . . . I heard the ball Whis-tle past me as it went On its bane-ful

*con espressione.*

R.

way . . . to the brav-est, brav-est heart. Would it were mine in- stead it had

R.H.

*p accel.*

rent. For a no - bler spi - rit nev-er did part From man, . . . nor great-er soul . . . with -

*p accel. f*

*p (Orso warmly takes Savelli's hand.)*

al. I could not ev'n a - venge my master, For the deed once done, the mur - d'rer

*mf f p f p f p*



*accel.* *f* *Allegro. ♩ = 100.*

fas - ter Than the wings of the fal - con flew from the place. Sir, let this

*accel. cres.* *f*

*ing with ill-disguised anxiety to Count.)* *mf*

end; this so-lemn farce has gone Too far. The man de-feats him-self. His

*f* *p*

*f* *p*

wit Is not as keen as his ma-lign in - tent. The night was dark; he

*f* *p* *p*

SAVELLI (interrupting him). *f* *Tempo 1mo. ♩ = 50.*

owns he did not see The deed, nor yet the do - er. It was he, he, Not

*fz* *mf* *Tempo 1mo.*

*f* *p* *f* *p*

I, who said that dark was the night, Though it was, and he knows it as



well . . as I. But though dark, for you to aim there was

light, And for me . . . to see . . . his break-ing eye,

And fold him close in a last, a last . . em-brace; And for him with trem - bling

hand . . to trace On a page of this book— . . for his speech . . was

gone— A dy - ing word to his dis - tant son. It was with this last message to

*fz* *fz* *fz* *dim.* *dim.*

*K.* *meno mosso.* *p* *meno mosso.* *Ped. \**

*cres.* *cres. e accel.* *f* *mf (to Orso.)* *f* *p* *Ped. \** *Ped.* *\**



greet you That I came on the day of your landing to meet you, Braving all dan - ger;

*dim.* *espress.* *pp*

but you would not ten - der Your ear to me, and at my

word did scoff, Think-ing of love and the joys . . there - of.

*fz* *p* *p* *R.H.*

So here at last, . . at . .

last . . to you I sur - ren - der This book, your price - less he - - ri -

*R.H.*



(He hands a pocket-book open to Orso, who looks at it, and for a time stands speechless. After a pause he reads, almost to himself, but audible to all the crowd, "Giuseppe Barra—".)

musical score for piano introduction, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The music begins with a melodic line in the treble and a supporting bass line. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a key signature change to three sharps (F#, C#, G#).

RECIT. COLOMBA.  
*mf*

Or - so, read a - loud and pro - claim! It was here he

musical score for the recitative section, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats. The melody is in the treble, with lyrics underneath. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present. The section ends with a key signature change to three sharps.

traced his as - sas - sin's name. See his blood, how it stained the

musical score for the vocal and piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats. The melody is in the treble, with lyrics underneath. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The section ends with a key signature change to three sharps.

page, And here his pen - cil fell from his hand; . . . And yon - der

musical score for the vocal and piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has two flats. The melody is in the treble, with lyrics underneath. A dynamic marking of *mf* (mezzo-forte) is present. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The section ends with a key signature change to three sharps.

see . . . th'as - sas - sins stand A - live, a - live to glo - ry in our shame. . . .

musical score for the vocal and piano accompaniment, featuring a treble and bass staff with a 4/4 time signature. The key signature has three sharps. The melody is in the treble, with lyrics underneath. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) is present. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line. The section ends with a key signature change to three sharps.



# FINALE

*Allegro con anima.* ♩ = 108.

Orso.  
It is e - nough; . . . my path is

clear. This sud - den light Thrown on the deed . . . of . . .

night . . . Makes my du - ty . . . bright . . . as the . . . day ap -

COLOMBA (to Orso).  
Lin - ger no more, . . . thy path is clear, thy path is

Orso.  
pear.

ANTONIO BARRACINI (aside).  
Ac-curst the day! ac-curst the day! ac-curst the day! . . .

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI (aside).  
Ac-curst the day! ac-curst the day! ac-curst the day, the

SAVELLI.  
He can-not lin - ger, his path is clear, his path is

COUNT.



clear; This sud - den light, this sud - den light Thrown on the

When our path seemed clear, seemed clear, A sud-den light Thrown

day! When our path seemed clear, . . . A sud-den, sud - den light Thrown

clear, His path is clear, This sud - den light Thrown on the

deed, the deed of night . . . Makes thy du - ty, makes . . .

on the deed, the deed of night Makes bright to

on . . . the deed of night, thrown on the deed of night Makes bright to

deed, the deed, . . . the deed of night Makes . . .

*p* *mf* *cres.* *mf* *cres.* *mf* *cres.*



thy du - ty bright . . . as . . the day . . . ap -

all, bright to all what did dark, . . . did dark ap -

all, bright to all . . what did dark, . . did dark . . . ap -

his du - ty bright as the day, . . . the day ap -

pear. Trem - - ble, as -

pear. The hour has come ; we must die or dare,

pear. The hour has come ; we must die or dare,

pear. The



- sas-sins, your hour is near; . . .  
*mf*  
 Fa - - ther, I feel thy spi - rit near.  
 the hour has come.  
*mf*  
 the hour has come, the hour has come.  
*mf*  
 Trem - - ble, as - sassins, your hour is near;  
 time is near, the time is near.

*fz*  
*fz*  
*mf*  
 Do not . . . trust,  
*mf*  
 It fires my  
*fz*  
 En - e-mies threaten, dan - gers sur - round us,  
*p*  
 En - e-mies threaten, dan - gers sur - round us, en - e-mies  
*mf*  
 Do not  
*mf*  
 When the har - - - -  
*p*  
*mf*  
*fz*



do not trust in the friends a - round . .

heart, it hov - - ers a - round . .

en - - e - mies threat-en.

threat-en, dan - gers sur - round us.

trust in the friends a - round . .

- vest of mur - - d'rous seed . . will ap -

you; Ven-geance at last . . . has sought and

me. Trust in thy

Ven - geance at last has sought and found us,

Ven - geance at last has sought and found us,

you; Ven - - geance at last has sought and

- pear. The ties of friend - ship and



*f* found you, *mf* vengeance at last *f* has sought and  
 son, be - lieve thou hast  
*mf* ven - geance at last has sought and found us,  
*mf* ven - geance at last has sought and found us,  
 found you, ven - - geance at last has sought and  
 love, the ties of friend - ship and

found you, has sought and found you, at last . . . .  
*mf* found me, thou hast found me, hast found me, . . . . thou hast, . . . .  
 found, . . . . has sought and found, at last has  
 love, the ties of love .. that have bound, have bound, . . . have bound



has found you, The dead shall kill, . . . . .  
 hast found me Rea - dy to do, . . . . .  
 But those who have smit - ten a - gain may  
 But those who have smit - ten a - gain may  
 sought and found you. The dead shall kill,  
 him, have bound him, Will they, . . . will they re -

the dead shall kill . . . . . and the smit - ten smite, the dead, . . .  
 rea - dy to do what is just, . . what is right, to do . . .  
 smite, but those who have smit - ten a - gain may smite, but those, . .  
 smite, but those who smite a - gain may smite, but  
 the dead shall kill and the smit - ten smite,  
 strain him, will they . . sur - round him; Will he



the dead shall kill, the smit - - - ten smite. Lin - ger no  
 . . . . . what is just and right. . . . It is e -  
 a - gain . . . may . . . smite. Ac - - -  
 those a - gain, a - gain may smite.  
 the dead shall kill, and the smit - ten smite. He can-not  
 suf-fer, will he suf-fer, or will he smite? What  
*cres. sempre. f rit. p*

more, . . . thy path is clear; This sud - den light Thrown on the  
 - nough; . . . my path is clear. This sud - den light Thrown on the  
 - curst . . . the day! When our path seemed  
 Ac - curst the day! A sud - den light Thrown on the deed,  
 lin - ger; his path is clear. This sud - den light Thrown on the  
 will, what will the end be? A - las! I



deed . . . of night . . . Makes thy du - ty bright . . .

deed . . . of night . . . Makes my du - ty bright . . .

clear, . . . A sud - - - den light Thrown

the deed of night, the deed of night Makes bright to all

deed, the deed of night, the deed of night Makes his du - ty

fear This sud - - - den light Thrown

as the day ap-pear. Lin - ger no more, . . . thy path is

as the day ap-pear, It is e - nough . . . my path is

on the deed of night Makes bright . . . to

what did dark ap-pear, a sud-den light thrown on the

bright, bright as the day appear, This sud-den light

on the deed of night Will lead to o - - - thers, / will



clear; This sud - - den light, this sud - - den light,  
 clear; This sud - - den light, this sud - - den light,  
 all, makes bright . . . to all . . . what did  
 deed, the deed of night, makes bright to all, makes  
 Thrown on the deed, the deed of night Makes his  
 lead, will lead to o - - thers, will

this sud - den . . .  
 this sud - den light . . . Thrown . . . on the deed . . . of . . .  
 dark . . . ap - pear, makes  
 bright, makes bright to all, this sud-den light thrown on the  
 du - ty bright, . . . his du - ty bright, bright as the day ap -  
 lead . . . to o - - thers, will lead . . . to



*cres.*

light Thrown on the deed of night . . . Makes thy du - - -

*cres.*

night, on . . . the deed of night . . . Makes my du - - -

*cres.*

bright to all, what did dark, what did

*cres.*

deed, thrown on the deed of night makes bright to all, makes bright to

*cres.*

- pear, This sud-den light, this light Makes his du - ty

*cres.*

o - thers. I fear, I fear, a - las ! I

L.H.

*f*

- - - ty bright . . . ap - pear. Trem -

*f*

- - - ty bright . . . as the day ap - pear.

*p*

dark . . . ap - pear, did dark . . . ap - pear. The hour has

*p*

all . . . what did dark ap - pear, did dark ap - pear. The hour has

bright . . . as day ap - pear, as day ap - pear.

*f*

fear, . . . I fear the time is near,

*f*

*p*



ble, trem - ble, as - sas-sins, trem - ble, your hour is

Fa - ther, I feel thy spi - rit

come ; we must die or dare, must die, . . . must die or

come ; we must die or dare, must die, . . . must die or

Trem - ble, as - sas-sins, trem - ble, your hour is

The time is near, the time, the time is

near !

near !

dare !

dare !

near !

near !

*mf*



*mf* It is a lie, . . . a plot, with hell - ish cun - ning, Hatched by my foes.  
*Meno Allegro.* ♩ = 92.

But they have come too late. My in - no - cence is spot-less; I have proved it  
*mf* R.H.

Be - fore the high tri - bu - nal of the law. It has ac - quit - ted me. I can de -  
*f* 3

- fy The false - hoods of a bri - gand and a wo - man.  
*accel.* *f* *accel.* *p*

(The Count turns away without answering, and slowly exit with his suite.  
Orso, at the last words, involuntarily grasps his dagger, but, as if struck  
by a sudden thought, replaces it in its sheath.)

ORSO (with dignity to Giuseppe).

*dolce.* There is a  
*mf* *p*



court of jus - tice high - er far Than an - y law on earth; and in that

*f* *mf*

R.H.

(At this juncture men are seen stealthily to enter the two houses, and during the following the win-

court You have to give me an - swer for this deed.

*p* *mf* *f* *accel.*

R.H.

dows in both are fastened, and before them, and in the open spaces of the verandahs, shutters, with holes for guns in them, are put up; such as are used in Corsica during a siege of this kind.)

GIUSEPPE (to people). Nay, Fear not; your ways . . are not my

You hear he threatens me with vengeance.

*f* *mf* *a tempo.* *mf*

Orso. *a tempo.*

*Sva.* *a tempo.* *p*

ways. What-ev - er I do will not be done in se - cret.

*L'istesso tempo, ma maestoso.*

*L'istesso tempo, ma maestoso.*

Here . . be - fore The peo - ple, I ac - cuse you of the

*f marcato.* *ppp* *mf*



*sempre marcato.*

mur-der, And challenge you to fight for life or death. If you re - fuse to meet me

*cres.*

you are safe; I can - not take . . the vile life of a cow-ard— con-tempt

is his pro - tection. *Più Allegro. ♩ = 108.* Nay, Co-lom-ba, Ev-en for thy sake—

*(to Colomba, who looks at him entreatingly.)*

for . . our dead father's sake, Who, were he here, I know would feel with me— I can - not

*dolce. p mf*

stain, I can - not stain my ho - nour, I have done; I am a sol - dier,

*mf f*



(He turns away without waiting for an answer.) *SAVELLI* (aside to Orso).

and not a mur-der-er. Cap-tain, if ev-er you change your

*f*

mind, And come to the macchia, you know where to find A trus-ty friend. So fare -

*Sva* *f* *mf* *p*

(As Orso and Colomba, and the Barracini on the other  
*Allegro vivace.*

- well . . for a sea-son.

*Allegro vivace. ♩ = 138.*

*fz p 3 p p*

side, go towards their houses, their respective partisans form a ring round them to cover their retreat. Threatening gestures

*fz cresc. fz fz fz fz*

are made and guns raised, but no one fires and no one speaks. As they disappear within, their partisans simultaneously

*Sva* *f* *Ped.* \*



raise a shout of "Barracini!" "Della Rebbia!")

The musical score consists of ten systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, beams, and dynamic markings. The first system includes the instruction "Ped." (pedal) and an asterisk (\*). The second system includes "fz" (forzando) and "Sva." (sforzando). The third system includes "fz" and "Sva.". The fourth system includes "fz". The fifth system includes "fz". The sixth system includes "fz". The seventh system includes "fz". The eighth system includes "fz". The ninth system includes "fz". The tenth system includes "ff" (fortissimo). The score concludes with the instruction "(quick curtain)." and a final chord.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



# ACT III.

## PRELUDE.

*Andantino alla Ballata.* ♩ = 60.

*pp* *p*

*dim.* *pp*

*cantabile.* *il basso stacc.*

*p* *mf* *p.* *R.H. L.H.*

*A a tempo.* *calando.* *p*

*tr* *pp*

*pp* *p* *mf*



First system of musical notation for piano, measures 1-4. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is present at the end of the system.

Second system of musical notation for piano, measures 5-8. The melody continues with some chromaticism. Dynamic markings include *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *p* (piano).

Third system of musical notation for piano, measures 9-12. The right hand has a more active melody, while the left hand provides harmonic support. Dynamic markings include *p*, *dim.* (diminuendo), and *pp* (pianissimo).

*Molto tranquillo.*

Fourth system of musical notation for piano, measures 13-16. This system is marked *Molto tranquillo*. It features triplet figures in both hands, indicated by a '3' over the notes.

Fifth system of musical notation for piano, measures 17-20. The tempo remains *Molto tranquillo*. The right hand has a melodic line with triplets, and the left hand has a steady accompaniment. Dynamic markings include *p* and *cres.* (crescendo).

Sixth system of musical notation for piano, measures 21-24. The tempo changes to *più animato* (more animated). The music becomes more rhythmic. Dynamic markings include *mf*, *dim.*, *pp*, and *p*.

Seventh system of musical notation for piano, measures 25-28. The music continues with a lively feel. Dynamic markings include *pp* and *ppp* (pianississimo).



# SCENE I.

Early morning. The scene represents a road leading from Pietranera (which is seen at a short distance) across the stage to the right, flanked by roughly-made stone fences. To the left is a large rock overlooking the road. On the right side is a thicket of small trees. As the curtain rises the clock of the village church is heard to strike seven.

*Allegro moderato quasi pastorale.*

$\text{♩} = 104.$

*p*

*rit.* *p a tempo.*

*p* *rit.*

*mf a tempo.* *espress.* *mf*

(The curtain rises.)

(Clock strikes.) (Enter by the Pietranera road, Orso, dressed in an elegant Corsican costume, and carrying a double-barrelled gun.)

*p*

ORSO. RECIT. (Pointing to right.)

Here will I wait her coming. Yon-der road, Winding to end-less distance, will re-veal her;

*mf*



*p* *mf* *3* *p*

And long before her fa-ther and Colom-ba Know of her com-ing, we shall meet a - lone

*mf* *3*

*mf p* *mf*

*mf* *ad lib.* *a tempo.* *p*

Yea, Ly - dia, I may meet thee without fear; . . . My vow is

*fz* *f* *fz* *fz*

*mf*

kept; th'im-petuous call for vengeance Ri-sing with - in . . . me was, by thought . . of

*mf espress.*

thee, . . . Si-lenced. Thank God, my hon - our is un-stained. Come then what

*stringendo.* *p* *cres.*

*f* *3*

may, this hand will aye be free From stain of blood, un - less in honest fight, Man against man, it flow.

*f*



*Più tranquillo.* *mf*

*Più tranquillo.* No more of this— This hour, this place, . . . are

*espress.* *p*

sa - cred ; they are hal - lowed By thoughts of love.

(He leans his gun against the fence, and sits down on a rustic seat by the roadside.)

*Allegretto sognante.* *p*

*Allegretto sognante.*  $\text{♩} = 60.$  Here of - ten have I sat,

*pp*

Dreaming my boy - - ish dreams, . . . and look - ing down That wind - ing



road, . . . wond'ring if luck . . . would come That way.

Now luck will come, . . . in - deed, And fair - er far . . . than ev - er I could . . . have

dreamt, and fair - er far, and fair - er far . . . than ev - er I could . . . have

A  
dreamt. How different all . . . ap - pears—the earth, the

sky, Il - lu - mined by love's light, . . . are new to



me. How diff' - rent, too, the songs . . . I used to

sing ! The Cor - si - can songs she loves, . . how they come

back, . . how they come back . . to me ! The words are still . . the

same, . . but all the love . . and long - ing

That to the boy were names, . . names and emp - - ty



*mf*

nothings, To me . . are full . . of mean - ing, to me . . are full . . of

*dim.*

mean - ing. How they . . come back to me!

*p* L.H. *dim.*

*Ped.* \*

B. RECIT. *a tempo.*

So, while I wait, Dear love, for thee, I'll ev-en think and sing of thee.

*p*

*a tempo.* (He pauses.) RECIT.

"Will she come from the val - ley?" Nay, these were not the words.

(After a pause he begins again.)

CORSICAN LOVE-SONG.

*Andante con anima.*

*rit.* *Andante con anima.* ♩ = 66.

*mf* *cres.*



Will she come from the hill, . . . will she come . . . from the val - ley?

Will she proud - ly pass by, will she ten - der - ly greet, will she ten - der - ly greet? Ah . . .

me! . . . what can . . . I say that is meet To sof - ten her heart or my cour - age, my cour - age to

ral - ly? For . . . re - splen - dent as noon - light her beau - ty shines, Dearer, dear - er to

me than the thought of ven - det - ta, the thought of ven - det - ta to the pin - ing or - phan; and her fal -

*dim.*

*accel.*

*accel.*

*Ped.* \*



*f* *dim.* *3* *3*

det - ta The rich - est trea - sure, the rich - est trea - sure on earth . . en-shrines,

*f* *Ped.* \*

*p* *3* *rit.* *a tempo.*

and her fal - det - ta the rich - est, the rich - est trea - sure on earth en-shrines.

*rit.* *a tempo.* *f* *fz*

*p* *3* *3* *R.H.* *p*

Be - ing sure of my

love, . . . will she trea - - sure my heart? . . . Will she care what I

*p* *3* *R.H.*

think, will she heed, will she heed what I say . . to her? Ah . . me! . . what is my

*mf*



yea or my nay.. to her?... Knowing well.. from my troth I can nev - er de - part. . .

## OLD CORSICAN BALLAD.

*Allegrettino, alla Ballata.* (He sits down on the seat from which, toward the end of

*Allegrettino, alla Ballata.* ♩ = 60.

his song, he had risen, and leans his head on his hand, forgetting all around him. Suddenly a voice (Chilina's) is heard from behind, singing the following snatch of an old ballad.)

So he thought of his

love, and went on his way, And she wait - ed for him a night and a day; But he

nev - er came a - gain, but he nev - er came a - gain. For by the cross On Ta-là - va Moss, there



*con tristezza.*

lies her true love slain. . . . Lov-ers, be-ware, though your hearts be true, Powder and ball are

*calando.*

stronger than you, powder and ball are stronger, are stronger than you. (Orso, who

at first has paid no attention, begins to listen.)

So she dug his grave with her li - ly - white hand; The stones . . she

piled and the yel - low . . sand, And made a grave for two, and made a grave for



*calando.* *con tristezza.* *mf*

two. And 'neath the heather, They rest to - geth - er. Be God's own peace with you! . . . Lov - ers, be - ware,

*calando.* *mf*

though your hearts be true, Pow - der and ball are stronger than you, pow - der and ball are

*dim.* *3*

strong - er, are strong - er than you.

*pp* *f* *(Chilina, dressed as a*

*(Behind the scenes.)* *p*

*Peasant-girl, and carrying a basket, appears for a moment on the projecting rock to the left, unseen by Orso. She carefully looks about and again vanishes. Orso has been listening to her song, and at its close rises with a sudden impulse.)*

*ORSO.* *p* *3*

I know your voice, Chi - li - na,

*dim.* *pp* *D*

*(gradually dying away.)* *3*

Lov - ers, be - ware, . . . Though your hearts be true, Powder and ball are

and I know The meaning of your song



stronger than you, . *mf* stronger than you *pp da lontano.* *cres.*

But what is dan - ger To one who thinks of Ly - dia and of

*mf* *pp*

*E Come prima.* *f* (Resuming his song with great fire.)

love? *Come prima. ♩ = 66.* To thy judg - ment I yield, . . by thy ver - dict a -

*f* *fz* *mf*

- bide, In doubt, . . in doubt I will ling - er no more; I will go to

thee, . . I will go to thee, *p* My heart thou shalt read, . . my heart . . *mf*

*dim.* *p*

thou shalt read, my love . . I will show . . to thee; *dim.* *p*



*p* *cres.* *f* *rit.*

Be it life, be it death . . . to me, . . . thou shalt de-cide, thou shalt de-

*mf* *rit.*

*Ped. \**

(He takes his gun and quickly enters the road to the right, when Giuseppe Barracini, emerging from among the trees, suddenly faces him.)

*A tempo animato.*

- cide!

*ffz* *Pausa.*

## SCENE II.

*Maestoso.*

GIUSEPPE BARRACINI.

*mf*

You challeng'd me to meet you. Here I

*Maestoso. ♩ = 92.*

*mf* *dim.* *pp*

ORSO (scornfully). *Più mosso.*

am To give you answer. Yes-terday, till night, I waited for your wit-ness, to ap-

*Più mosso. ♩ = 112.*

*p* *fz* *p* *R. II.*

RECIT.

- point The hour and wea-pon, as the law of hon-our De-mands. Give way, and let me

*f*



pass. *mf* GIUSEPPE BARRACINI.

I scorn Your laws of hon - our, as I scorn your-self, With your French ways and love - sick

*p*

*rit.* *più tranquillo.* (Mocking Orso's manner.) *p*

vows to Ly-dia. *♩* = 104. *più tranquillo.* 3 3 *f* *p* *fp* *mf*

(Orso for a moment lifts his gun, but immediately lowers it again.)

*p* My vow is kept." *stringendo molto.* *F* *fz* *fp* *f* *fz* *p*

Nay, do not lift your gun, Come prima. *♩* = 112.

*Molto meno mosso.* (Again mocking Orso). *fz* *p* *f* *p*

I know . . . you will not use it. "Your ways . . . are not My

*Molto meno mosso.* *♩* = 88. *fz* *p* *f* *p*

*ironicamente, e con alcuna licenza.* *p* *accel.*

ways." Perhaps, young man, if you did know What are . . . those ways, you would be care-ful how You rouse my

*fp* *fp* *fp* *fz* *fz* *accel. molto.*



Orso. *p* 3

Then you con-fess The murder of my  
*stringendo molto.*

*cres.* 3 *f*  
an-ger as your fa-ther did, Whom I was forced to punish. *stringendo molto.*

*f* *p*

*f* *Come prima.*  
fa-ther?

*p* *Come prima.*  
You mis-take me, sir; Even as your friend the bri-gand was mis-

*p fz* *fz* *fz* *fz*

(Ironically.) *Allegretto suave.* ♩ = 84.  
- tak-en. Mine, as I told you, is a peace-ful . . . mind, . . . And by the

*fz* *colla voce.* *p* *Allegretto suave.*

law, . . . which I pro-fess and hon-our I care-ful-ly a-

*mf* 3 *f*  
- bide. I . . . did not pull the trig-ger, Although it was my will that sped the

*p* *fz* *fz*



*p* *cres.* *f* ORSO (*aside*). *f*

ball, Pierc - ing the heart of one who dared to thwart me. . . Fa - ther,

*p* *f*

*Larghetto con affetto.*  $\text{♩} = 50.$  *pp*

Fa - ther, be with me, be with me in . . this hour of need;

*Larghetto con affetto.* *pp* *dolcissimo.*

Re-strain my hand from soil - ing our fair fame With an as - sas - sin's ve - - nomous

*legato.*

*G Allegro agitato.* *(To Giuseppe.)* *mf*

blood. Be - gone! . . . And seek the cow - ard's death in store for

*Allegro agitato.*  $\text{♩} = 112.$  *p* *cres.*

GIUSEPPE. *f*

you From o - ther hands than mine. Not ma - ny yards From here I faced your fa - ther,

*pp*



(Suddenly raising his voice.)

as I face you now. He taunt-ed me, ev'n as you taunt me now; So, like

(He lifts his hand, and at this signal a shot is fired)

*Allegro con impeto.*

cres.

him, Thou shalt die the death of a fool!

*Allegro con impeto. ♩ = 132.*

*affretando sempre.*

*f*

*8va*

from behind the stone fence to the left. Orso's left arm drops motionless to his side, but with a violent effort he raises his gun

*8va*

*fz*

with his right, and shoots Giuseppe, who falls. He then sinks on his knee.)

*fz*

*fz*

*stringendo.*

(After a pause, a man's (Antonio Barracini's) head and shoulders are cautiously raised above the wall. Orso again fires with his right hand. The head disappears, and the heavy fall of a body is heard behind the wall. Orso falls down fainting.)

*p*

(Shot.)



*Più Allegro.*  $\text{♩} = 88.$  *Sva.....*

*f impetuoso.* *ff*

*Sva.....*

*fz fz fz fz*

(Long silence, after which hurried steps are heard approaching.)

*fz p*

*Allegro moderato.*  $\text{♩} = 88.$

*pp*

R.H. 3

*Sva.....*

*pp*

*p*

CHILINA (behind the scenes).

*mf*

Has - - - ten, has-ten, fa - ther; I fear . . . .

*sempre* *cres.*



(Chilina and Savelli are seen on the rock to the left.)

We are too late to save him. Here I saw them

ly - ing in am - bush for him, And tried to warn him,

*sempre cres.*

(Seeing Orso.)

but all in vain. A - las, my young mas - ter is slain.

*ff*

(They hurriedly descend to the stage. Savelli lifts Orso, who slowly begins to recover from his swoon.)

*fz*

*fz*

*dim.*



SAVELLI (to Chilina).

♩ = 88.  
I *Allegro con leggerezza.*

*mf* Fear no - thing, it is on - ly a swoon;

*sempre quasi parlando al fine.*

Fear no-thing, His wound is slight,

fear nothing, he will ral - ly soon.

*(He leaves Orso for a moment, and carefully examines Giuseppe, feeling for his heart.)**mf parlando.*

But this one, this one is

safe, . . he will nev - er rise; See the bul - let hole



right between his eyes. His . . . vil-lain-ous tongue will not wag . . .

*f* *3* *3* *3* *fz* *tr* *8va*

(Chilina, who has been looking over the wall beckons to her father, who also looks over.)

. . . a - gain.

*fp* *mf* *3* *3* *3*

*mf* Hal - lo! Hal-lo! here is an - oth - er one slain,

*pp* *p* *f*

. . . As dead as a nail. This in-deed, this in - deed is sport—

*leggero.* *fp* *marcato.* *R.* *3* *3*

A ly-ing law-yer to each bar-rel. I

*fp* *f* *p* *3* *3* *3*



call this an ex - cellent re - tort To all their in - sults.

*f*

R.H. L.H.

(To Orso.) *p*

This in - deed is sport. Well, cap-tain, I told you You would

*p*

*espress.*

come to the mac - chia, so here I hold you In my arms

*p* *pp*

*p* *espress.*

as I did ma - ny, ma - ny years a - go.

*a tempo.*

*rit.*

*p*

If you hit like this we sure - ly shall

*p*



quar - rel As to who is the best shot in Cor - si - ca,

I shall lose my fame . . . if I don't look a - live ; But then,

what a splen - did gun you can show, a splen - - did gun! The

fi - nest Man - ton, the fi - - nest Man - ton I ev - er

saw. . . . Well, let's be off ere the sbir - ri ar - rive,

*mf* *f* *p* *f* *ff*



(They hurry off to the right, supporting Orso, who has hardly regained consciousness, between them.)

let's be off!

*fz* *dim.* *p* *8va* *Sva* *p* *R.H.* *p*

(As they disappear, in the distance, enter by the road from Pietranera Count, Colomba, and numerous Villagers, who have come to welcome Lydia.)

*Un poco meno mosso.*  
*quasi alla marcia.*  $\text{♩} = 88.$

# SCENE IV.

*mf* *p* *cres.* *f largamente.* *8va* *K* *COUNT. RECIT.* *mf* *The hour is* *8va* *f* *fp*



near when Ly - dia should be com - ing.

(Seeing Giuseppe's corpse). *Allegro. ♩ = 88.* *f* Ha!... what is this? . . . *Allegro.* *mf* This is the

COLOMBA (looking calmly on the body). *p Quasi Recit.*

corpse of one Who, by the law of just . . re-ta-li - a - tion, Has with his

*f* *cres.*

life paid . . for an-oth-er life *pp*

*rit.* *mf* *espress.*

COUNT. *pp* A - las! . . . poor Or - so. . . (He turns away sadly.)

*dim.* *mf* *pp*



# FINALE.

(A scene of great excitement ensues. The Villagers are rushing from body to body, with wild gesticulations expressing  
Allegro assai con brio.

$\text{♩} = 144.$

*p*

their joy and sorrow, according to the party to which they belong. As soon as the bodies have been discovered some have run

*p*

back to the village to spread the news, and they now return with Monks, carrying two biers, on which the bodies are laid.)

*fp*

*fz*

*fz*

*fz*

*cres.*

*f*



*fz* *p* *cres.*

L CHORUS. TENOR.

“Re - - - qui - - -

BASS.

“Re - - - qui - - -

*fz* *p* *f*

(The bell of Pietranera church begins to toll.)

em æ - - - ter - - -

em æ - - - ter - - -

*p* *cres.*

nam . . . do - - - na

nam . . . do - - - na

*f* *fz*

e - - - is, Do - - - mi -

e - - - is, Do - - - mi -



ne, . . . . . Et

lux per - pet - - u - a

lu - - - ce - - at e - - -

is.



Sva.....

(As the procession slowly leaves, the Monks and Villagers chant :)

M SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Sva.....



The image shows a page from a musical score, likely for a vocal and piano arrangement of Liszt's 'Gloria'. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It features five vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor 1, Tenor 2, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment consisting of a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The vocal parts are marked with 'dim.' (diminuendo) and the lyrics 'nam do - na e - - is,' are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings such as 'fz' (forzando), 'p' (piano), and 'f' (forte), along with triplets and other musical notations. The page is numbered '11' in the bottom right corner.

This musical score is for the 'Gloria' from Franz Schubert's 'Missa Solenne'. It features four vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature is common time (C). The vocal parts are arranged in four staves, each with a vocal line and a corresponding syllable of the Latin text: 'Do - - - - - mi - ne, . . . . .'. The piano accompaniment is shown in the bottom two staves, with a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The piano part includes dynamic markings such as *p* (piano), *fz* (forzando), and *mf* (mezzo-forte). The score is presented in a single system, with the vocal parts and piano accompaniment clearly delineated.

Et lux perpetua

Et lux perpetua

Et lux perpetua

Et lux perpetua

*f*



lu - - - ce - at e

lu - - - ce - at e

lu - - - ce - at e

lu - - - ce - at e

*fz* *p*

is."

is."

is."

is."

*ffz* *mf* *fz* *fz* *fz mf*

(Colomba, who has been an impassive spectator of the scene, remains alone on the stage.)

At last,

*fz* *fz* *fz* *fp* *fp* *fp*

at last, at last . we are re - venged.

*fp* *fp* *mf*



(She listens to the Chant.)

N

CHORUS (behind the scenes).

"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - mi -

"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - mi -

"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - mi -

"Do - - na e - - - is, Do - - - - mi -

N

Sva.....

Ha! . . sing your chants and sound your

- ne."

- ne."

- ne."

- ne."

Sva.....

espress.

f

mf

fp

dim.

knells; they . . will . . Not bring the dead a -

fp

fp

pp



gain, as they have sown, So . . . have they

*fz* *cres.* *f*

*fz*

*Andantino. <sup>3</sup>Tempo <sup>3</sup>del Vocero.*

har - vest-ed. Thy voice, . . . thy

*Andantino. Tempo del Vocero. ♩ = 92.*

*dolce.* *p dolce.*

*fp*

voice was true, Fa - ther, that spoke in me . . . of the a-venger's com - ing.

*un poco stringendo.*

*stringendo.*

(Triumphantly.)  
Like the royal ea - gle, he has re - turn - ed And scared the vul - tures

*p* *pp*

from their nest, . . . And with beak and tal - on that none can par - ry, He has

*mf* *f* *p* *mf* *cres.* *p*



*crescendo.*

torn the hearts of the mur - der - ous

*fz*

brood Tak - ing life for life and blood for

*pp*

*sempre cres.* *e stringendo.*

blood— That our fa - ther's spi - rit may be at rest,

*sempre cres.* *e stringendo.*

*Ped.* \* *Ped.* \* *Ped.* \*

And the voice of our sor - row be drowned in the cries of the widowed wives

*affrettando.*

*affrettoso sempre.* *ff* *O Allegro assai.*

of our en - e - mies. Ven - det - ta?

*Allegro assai.*  $\text{♩} = 144.$

*fz* *fz* *ff* *strepitoso molto.*



CHORUS (*behind the scenes*).

Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - -

Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - -

Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - -

Re - qui - em æ - - ter - - -

*fz fz ff*

(*Exit rapidly in the direction of Pietranera.*)

Ven - det - - - ta!

nam! . . . . .

nam! . . . . .

nam! . . . . .

nam! . . . . .

8va

*ff*

(*Quick curtain.*)



# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.

The stage represents a narrow valley, bounded on each side by a precipitous slope covered with small trees and shrubs, which, on the left, extends almost to the front; on the right is a thicket of trees, with a large white stone in front of it. Dark stormy night. At intervals, fitfully illumined by the lightning, are seen Colomba and Lydia groping their way, one on each side of the valley.

*Allegretto. ♩. - 56.*

*pp una corda.*

*p*

*mf* *pp*

*p*



This musical score is for A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba," arranged for piano. It consists of eight systems of music, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat major or D minor). The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings. The dynamics include *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), *fz* (forzando), and *fp* (fortissimo-piano). There are also performance instructions in parentheses: "(curtain rises.)" and "(a gust of wind.)". The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

*mf*

*p*

*p*

(curtain rises.)

*mf*

*fz*

*fp*

(a gust of wind.)



**A** *LYDIA.* *pp* Co - lom - - - ba!

*COLOMBA.* *p* Ly - - - dia!

**A** *p* *mf* *pp*

The place is near. Our jour - ney's end will be reach'd ere long. *mf*

*p* All seems dark - ness, no path is here. *p* Fol-low the

*dim.* *p* track the val - ley a - long. . . . Trust in my gui - dance



and no - thing fear, . . . From a child I . . . have roam'd . . . through these

hills. . . . .

(Peal of thunder.)

Oh, lis - - - - - ten ! The

thun - der's voice is loud and strong, And like sil - ver ser - pents the



light - - nings glis - ten.

When the clouds . . . dis - perse . . .

Cour - age, . . . cour-age be with us!

the moon . . . will ap - pear. Cour - age, cour-age be with us!

Van - - ish, . . . van - ish dis-may! The road is long, the road is wea-ry,

Van - - ish, . . . van - ish dis-may! The road is long, The

The night . . . is cold, the night is cold and dark and drea-ry,

night is cold and dark and drea - ry. But

*pp* *dim.* *p* *B* *pp* *dolce.* *p*



*(eagerly).* *stringendo.* *un poco.* *mf* *f*

Not love— not love, not love, not love A sis - ter's love will

*stringendo.* *un poco.* *mf* *f*

love— . . . True love, . . . true love, . . . A sis - ter's love will

*stringendo.* *un poco.*

find, will find the way, a sis - ter's love will find the way.

find, will find the way, a sis - ter's love will find the way.

*mf* *mf*

*dim.* *p* *fz* *p*

COLOMBA.

Wait for the light - ning, it will show A large white stone al - most at your



LYDIA.

feet,

(Flash of lightning.)

8va.....

I saw

it here

in the val - ley be - low.

COLOMBA.

cres.

It is the place, . . 'tis the place . . where the bri - gands meet. Vit -

-

(She jumps on the stage.)

f

- tor

- ia!

vit - tor

- ia!

the camp . . .

is found.

mf

L.H.

p

Here are the steps, . . I will as - sist you, I will as - sist you.

L.H. p

LYDIA.

Deep - est dark - ness hov - ers a - round, . . And for a



rob - ber's camp I am bound. If . . my fa - ther knew, . . what would he

say? But all is in vain, but all is in vain, . . who can re -

sist you, . . who can re - sist . . you . .

*C* (She descends to the stage assisted by Colomba.)

COLOMBA. Cour - age be with - us! Van - ish dismay! The

Cour - age, . . cour-age be with us, Van - ish, . . van - ish dismay!

road was long, the road was wea-ry, The night . . is cold, the

The road was long, The night is cold and dark and drear



night is cold and dark and drear-y. Not love, not love, not love, *poco stringendo.*

y. But love . . . True love, . . . but

love, . . . not love, Sis - ter - ly love . . . has found the way, sis - ter - ly

love, . . . true love, Sis - ter - ly love . . . has found the way, sis - ter - ly

love has found the way, sis - ter - ly

love has found the way, sis - ter - ly

love has found the way. *dim.*

love has found the way. *dim.*

*p*



First system of the musical score, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment in D major.

ORSO (heard faintly from behind).

Second system of the musical score, featuring Orso's vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Ly - dia ! Ly - dia ! . . .

COLOMBA.

Third system of the musical score, featuring Colomba's vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Hush, hush !

I hear his voice. He must be near.

(She goes towards the background (R.) and parts a

8va

Andante.

Andante.  $\text{♩} = 50$ .

thick growth of rushes, discovering on a rude couch Orso, dreaming. The moon, shining forth from the clouds, at intervals

Fourth system of the musical score, featuring piano accompaniment in D minor.

Fifth system of the musical score, featuring piano accompaniment in D minor.

illuminates the scene. Both girls stand for a while silent, looking at him.)

dim.



*Moderato.* ♩ = 69.LYDIA (*eagerly*).

RECIT.

COLOMBA (*in a whisper*).

Ah!

I must be gone to find Sa - vel - li.

*fp*

\*

*a tempo.*

Leave me not thus a - lone ; feel how I trem - ble.

Fear no - thing. Friends are watch - ing o'er your

♩ = 69.

*p*

safe - ty. You would not leave . . my bro - ther in his need. See how he

LYDIA (*contemptuously*).*mf*

A love in whose de -

tos - ses on his couch. It is of you He dreams, and of his love.



spite, He struck the stroke which must for ev - er part us.

*mf* *p* *pp* R.H.

REGIT.  
ORSO (*dreaming as before*). *dim.* COLOMBA. *rit.* 3

Ly - dia, my Ly - dia, for your sake— . . . Can you re - sist . . . His plead - ing?

*rit.*

*a tempo.* *stringendo.*

You ap - pear more cru - el than We Cor - si - cans, who

*p* *stringendo.*

*Allegretto. Come prima.*

nev - er pass a sen - tence Be - fore the cul - prit has been heard. ♩ = 56. *Allegretto. Come prima.*

*Allegretto.* *p* *dim.*

*p* He will ex - plain. *p* Fare - well, . . . fare -

(Exit rapidly, with a smile on her lips.)

well ! . . .

*dim.* *dim.* R. II.



LYDIA (to herself). RECIT.

SCENE II.

*Moderato.*

*Moderato.*

Ex-plain! What need is there For ex-pla-na-tion of a tale so old and plain As

*pp*

*mf*

*fz*

R.H.

this; that men, to gain their fierce de-sire Of ha-tred and re-

*Agitato un poco.*

(Looking at Orso pitifully.)

How faint and ill he seems; Wasted and worn with

-venge, will sa-cri-fice A hun-dred loves.

*Agitato un poco.*

*mf*

(She sits down on the couch and lays her hand on his forehead. Bright moonlight.)

*Andantino.*

fe-ver.

His temples throb With wild pul-sations.

*Andantino.*  $\frac{1}{4} = 60.$

*pp*

ORSO (dreaming).

Ly-dia, hear me now! . . .

By the deep love

I bear you;

by this

*cres.*



(He unconsciously takes her hand, and pressing it to his lips, wakes with a sudden start. Lydia hurriedly withdraws her hand.) *Allegro vivace.*

hand Which once I hoped would be mine own, I swear— . . . *Allegro vivace. ♩ = 126.*

*f* *molto stringendo.* *f* *stringendo.* *ff*

hand and stands at a distance.)

LYDIA (coldly).

*mf* Your sis - ter bids . . me come to you, once more To

*fz*

see you ere you start on that new path . . . Which your wild deed . . has

*fz* *fz*

o - - - pen'd for you.

*p* *L.H.*

*p* Here I am to say fare-well, fare-well for ev - er. *mf* For - give Co -

*ORSO (distantly).*



- lom - ba's rash - ness, dear - - est la - dy; She loves her bro - ther, but she should have

known That for your fa - ther's child it is not seem - ly To

meet in this wild place a friend of bri - gands, Whose head is threat - ened by the

LYDIA.  
law. Oh Or - - so! You wrong . . me, wrong me cru - el - ly.

I am no cow - ard, Nor does my heart . . . shrink from a friend in dan -

\* From E to \* on page 200 may be omitted.



ger, Which I would share with him e - ven un - to death. . .

*mf*

What sev - ers us is your own deed, done in des - pite Of all your

ORSO. *p*

vows of love. Oh! hear me, Ly - dia; Nev - er was vow more

*p*

true, . . . nev - er was love . . . More faith - ful.

*mf*

LYDIA. *p*

What a - vails it to pro - fess . . . A love, . . . which shows it

*p*



self . . . . in words, but fails In deeds? Your choice was free; you knew that I Could not in

*cres* *stringendo.*

*cres* 3 *stringendo.*

lov - ing u - nion grasp a hand Red . . with the stain of

*sempre.* *f*

*sempre.* *fz*

mur - der. You have act - ed

*mf*

*mf*

As your fierce pas - sion led . . . you, know - ing well That,

aim - ing at your foe, you pierc'd my heart. E - nough of this,

*f* *p*

*fz*



*(In a broken voice.)*

Here we must part; fare - well, fare - well! *\* la - dy;*

*p dolce. pp*

*Orso. dolce. p*

Yea, we must part. Your path and mine are hence - forth Di -

- vi - ded by the gulf which sev - ers light From dark - ness and des - pair. . . But

*p*

*stringendo. f p*

let me go On my long jour - ney, with the hope at least - . . That you re -

*mf mf*

*dim. mf stringendo. 3*

- mem - ber me with pit - - ying kind - - ness, *stringendo.* For I am wor - thy

*dim. mf*



of it.— Ly - dia, for your sake I have en - dured what few men would en -

- dure.

*Andante. Quasi parlando.*  
When in the mar - ket - place be - fore the peo - ple The mur - derer stood un -

*Andante. ♩ = 60.*

- masked, my Cor - si-can blood Rose up with - in me, and the

fierce . . de - sire . . Of ven - geance filled me as with a burn - ing flame. But I with -



- stood; withstood, al-though I knew That all the peo-ple there would

look up-on me As one fail-ing in fi-lial love, perhaps in courage.

*Più mosso.*  $\text{♩} = 88.$  *p* I called up-on my en-e-my to meet me

*largamento marcato.* *p*

*cres.* *3* *sempre cres.*

In o-pen fight, man against man. He met me With-out a wit-ness,

*cres.*

*mf* *sempre più mosso.* own'd my fa-ther's mur-der, Scoffed at his mem'-ry,

*f* *mf* *f* *mf* *3*



*Allegro.* ♩ = 108. *ff*

and re - viled our love. His life was in my hand.

*Sva*.....

*stringendo.* *Come prima Andante.* I *mf* *p*

con - vul - sive - ly I grasp'd my weapon, but I slew him not, Think - ing of

*Come prima Andante.* ♩ = 60. *p*

R.

thee and of my un - stain'd hon - our.

*fp*

*p* *3* *3*

'Twas not till wounded by a treach - 'rous shot, Fired from be - hind, I lay . . . up-on the

*p* *3* *>* *>*

ground Half-faint-ing, that in law - ful self-de - fence I killed my

*mf*



LYDIA (who has been listening with rising emotion). *pp* *Larghetto. pp sempre.*

Oh! Or - so see . . me

foe. Thus have I kept my vow. Now, now let us

*part. Larghetto. ♩ = 72.*

(she kneels.) *cres. e stringendo.*

here, Kneel-ing be - fore thee, cra - ving thy for - give - ness For want of lov - ing faith in one most

*cres. e stringendo.*

lov - ing— Most faith - ful, e - ven to death. . . Hence-forth my life . . Is

*pp*

thine; my heart . . . is thine. This so - lemn hour . . . Lays bare what maid - en - ly

*stringendo.* *f* *pp* *quasi calando.*

coy - ness had con-cealed Within my bo-som. We cannot—must not part. Or - so, I love . . .

*stringendo.* *pp*



thee !

ORSO. *p*

*p* Do not speak to me Those dear-est words ; I must not

*cantabile.*

*mf*

LYDIA. *p*

lis - ten to them. Fly, fly from here ! Whi-ther you go . . . I

*mf* *cres.* *stringendo molto.*

go. Your life will be my life, your dan - ger mine ; Your death my

*R.H.* *p*

ORSO.

death. You know not what you say. Dis-grace a - waits me ; I am charged with murder.

*p*

K LYDIA. *mf*

I will pro - claim your in - no-cence. The stern-est judge Shall lis - ten to my

*mf* *f*



(Tenderly.)

plead - ing, and, be - lieve me. Is there no voice with - in . . . thee which gives

*mf* *p* *pp*

an - swer To mine, which, in the dark - ness that sur - rounds us, Speaks to thee of a bright - er,

*pp* *cres.*

hap - pier fu - ture In store for those whose hearts are brave to suf - fer And

*mf* *p* *f* *cres.*

die, . . . to - gether? Yea, I fain . . . would lis - - - ten To that sweet

*pp* *legato.* *pp* *Ped.* *\** *Ped.* *\** *R.H.* *L.H.*

voice. But, Ly - dia, tell me tru - - - ly, . . . Can I ac - cept the

*Sva.* *R.H.* *R.H.*



sa - cri-fice of all The ope - ning blos - soms of thy youth? What hope Is

8va

R.H. R.H.

LYDIA.

There is hope, for there is love, . . . there is hope, left us? There is hope, .

cres. f

molto rit. Allegro con passione.

there is hope, . . . for there is . . . love. . .

molto rit. p

there is hope, for there is love. . .

Allegro con passione. 88. tr

p fz

tr fz

cres. f

tr fz

fz fz fz fz

fz fz



LYDIA (with passionate fervour).

*mf* Say . . . of Love, . . . shall he change or al - ter,

*p* *sempre legato come prima.*

Shall he de - cay . . . or shall he di - min - ish? Doomed from his

birth to stag - ger and fal - - ter, . Doomed in the end . . . to

*f*

*dim.* *p* fail . . . and to fin - ish? *mf* Say . . . of Love, . . . shall he change or

Orso (with passionate fervour). *mf* Say . . . of Love . . . shall he change or al - ter,

*p*

al - - - - - ter, shall . . he . . . di - min - ish?

*f* *mf*

Shall he de - cay . . . or shall he di - min - ish? Doomed from his

*f* *p*



*p* Doomed from his birth to stag - ger and fal - ter,  
 birth to stag - ger and fal - ter, Doomed in the end . . . to

*p* Doomed in the end . . . to fail, . . . to fail and to  
 fail and to fin - ish, to fail . . . and to fin - - -

fin - - - ish, Doomed from his birth . . . to stag - ger and fal - ter,  
 - ish, . . . Doomed from his birth . . . to stag - ger and fal - ter, *tr*

*sempre cres. f* Doomed in the end to fail and to fin - - - ish?  
*sempre cres. f* Doomed in the end to fail and to fin - - - ish? *tr*



LYDIA.  
*mf dolce.*

Like the

night-in-gale . . . who, by moon-light Sings, when the breezes of March . .

. . . grow . . strong - - er, But, from the sum-mer's scorch-ing

noon - - light Wings her flight, and is heard . . no long-er—

But, from the sum-mer's scorch-ing noon-light . . . Wings her



flight, and is heard no lon - ger Like the storm . . which the

clouds . . en - gen - - - der. Blown . . from the mount - ains with

migh - - ty gush - es, Bound yet at last its strength . . to sur -

ren - der, Dy - ing soft - ly a -

- mongst the rush - es, Dy - ing soft - ly . . a - mongst . . the

Orso. *p*

*mf*

*cres.* *mf* *p* *pp*

*tr*

*p* *R.H.* *R.H.*



rush - es? — *M* *p* Say of Love, *mf* say of  
 Say of Love, *p* *tr* say of *tr* *fp*  
 Love, shall he change or fal - ter? *cres.* *f* Nay! . . . but *Più animato e abbandonamente.*  
 Love, shall he change or al - - - ter? *cres.* *f* *Più animato e abbandonamente.*  
 our love can - not thus be smit - ten; Staunch . . . his pur - pose,  
 Nay! . . . but our . . . love can - not thus be smit-ten; Staunch his pur - pose, *Sva...*  
 bold his . . . en - deav - - - our, And on his fore - head . . . a god has *mf*  
 bold his en - deav - - - our, And on his fore - head . . . *mf*  
*Sva...* *p*



writ - ten, and on his . . fore - head . . . a god has writ - ten In  
 a god has writ - ten, a god has writ - ten, In . .  
 let - - - ters of flam - ing fire, . . . "For . . ev - er."  
 let - - - ters of . . flam - - ing fire, "For ev - er."  
 And on his fore - - head . . . a god has writ - ten In  
 And on his fore - - head . . a god has writ - ten In  
 let - ters of flam - ing fire, "For ev - er."  
 let - ters of flam - ing fire, "For ev - er."  
 let - ters of flam - ing fire, "For ev - er."

*mf* *cres.* *ff* *mf* *p* *f* *cres.* *tr*



The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). The score is divided into three systems, each with four staves. The first two staves of each system are for the voice, and the last two are for the piano.

The first system includes the lyrics: "god . . . has writ - ten 'For ev - - - - -". The piano part features a series of triplets in the right hand and a more complex, rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

The second system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "er." and "er." The piano part features a series of triplets in the right hand and a more complex, rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

The third system continues the vocal melody with the lyrics: "er." and "er." The piano part features a series of triplets in the right hand and a more complex, rhythmic pattern in the left hand.

The score includes various musical notations such as dynamics (e.g., *ff*, *mf*, *fz*, *marcato*), articulation (e.g., *tr*, *acc*), and performance instructions (e.g., *Sva*, *Silent.*).



# SCENE III.

Tempo di Marcia. ♩ = 88.

Trumpet (behind the scenes).

Side Drum (behind the scenes).

(Enter rapidly from the right, Colomba, followed by Savelli and Chilina.)

COLOMBA.

CHILINA.

Fly,

Or - so, fly,

the sol-diers are com-ing.

The

moon-light made . . their bay-onets glis-ten; In a moment I know they will be

here.

Keep si-lence, all of you, and lis-ten;

Fol-low me,



captain, and nothing fear; I will conduct you where no one shall find us; Lean on my

arm; they will walk be-hind us. *COLOMBA.* *p* Haste, brother, haste! *ORSO.* *p* I will not leave this place, Let come who

*N* *p* (to Colomba.) may. When Ly - dia's heart seemed lost, All else . . was nought to me.

*cres.* *f* . . . Now that I know . . . Her love, . . I . . will de - clare my in - no -

*SAVELLI.* *p* - cence To all . . the world. You may do . . as you will; But let me



*mf* *p* 3

warn you, there may be A-mong these sol - diers an en - e-my Who would think it pro-per

*tr* 3 *tr* 3 *tr* 3

first to kill . . . His man in the fray, old debts . . . to re - cov-er, Mak-ing due in -

3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

*pp*

3 3

ORSO. *mf* LYDIA. *p*

- qui-ries when all is o - ver. My life is in God's keep - ing. Here I

3 *f* *mf*

*pp* COLOMBA (*hurriedly to Savelli*). 3

stay, To share thy fate what - ev - er may be - fall. Nothing a - vails. We must hast-en back To

*fz* *p* *R.H. tr* 3 *tr* 3

SAVELLI. 3

draw the sol-diers on our track. A dan-ger-ous ser - vice in the

*tr* 3 *tr* 3 3 3 *mf*



dark, When the bul-lets are whistling all a-round, Scarce fit for a fair young la-dy.

O COLOMBA.  
 Hark! . . I hear them coming; he must not be found. . . .

*Trumpet (behind the scenes).*

(Colomba, Savelli, and Chilina hurry off to the left. Orso and Lydia remain standing in each other's embrace.)

(In the uncertain light of the moon, Colomba, Savelli, and two or three of his men are seen on the left slope, trying to attract

the attention of the Soldiers. Men shout and fire their guns; the Soldiers answer, and are seen hurrying across the valley.)



*(At last a detachment of Soldiers, guided by a peasant, appears on the stage from the right.)*

(At last a detachment of Soldiers, guided by a peasant, appears on the stage from the right.)

<sup>3</sup>  
*They arrest Orso, whom Lydia vainly tries to shield.)*

The musical score for 'The Merry Widow' (No. 1) is presented in two staves. The top staff features a melody with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 2/4 time signature. The bottom staff provides a harmonic accompaniment, including triplets and chords. The score is marked with 'fz' (forzando) and includes a '3' indicating a triplet. The music is written in a classic, elegant style with a large, decorative brace on the left side of the staves.

The musical score is for a piece in 3/4 time. The top staff is for the Soprano (Sva tr) and the bottom staff is for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The score is characterized by intricate rhythmic patterns, including many triplets and sixteenth-note passages. The piano part features a dense section of sixteenth-note chords in the middle. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the piano part.

(As they are leading him off, enter from the left, Count, with soldiers and men and women from the village. Orso is released.)

The musical score is for the piano introduction and waltz section of 'The Merry Widow' by Franz Lehár. The score is written for piano and includes a large illustration of a woman in a blue dress. The score is divided into two systems, each with a piano introduction and a waltz section. The piano introduction is marked 'Piano' and the waltz section is marked 'Waltz'. The score is written in 3/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano introduction is characterized by a series of triplets in the right hand and a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand. The waltz section begins with a melodic line in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The score is written in a clear, legible style with standard musical notation.

COUNT. RECIT.

*f*

Here, then, I find the fu - gi - tives

Here, then, I find the fu - gi-tives



*Allegretto gioioso. (to Lydia.)*

whom we have sought Thro' this dark night, a-mongst these rug - ged hills. Nay, do not blush, my

*Allegretto gioioso. ♩ = 96.*

Ly - dia; well I know, 'Twas cha - ri - ty that brought you, and a sis - ter Whose

plead - ing few men can re - sist, much less A yield - ing wo-man.

Or-so, I bring good news For you. Your in - no-cence is proved be-yond dis-

- pute. Chi - li - na saw the am-bush laid for you, And my own ears con - firmed her sto - ry's



truth, For I was near, and heard the shrill re - port Of a small carbine, answer'd by the deep - toned

voice Of my two - barrell'd Man-ton, which that morn-ing You took by my ad - vice.

The case is clear : You were attacked, and by your staunch de-fence Have rid this is - land of two mur - derous

vil-lains. I

vouch, . . I vouch for your de - liverance ; af - ter all your sor -



row. Be free and hap - py,

be free . . and hap - py.

*mf* *p* *f* *ff* *Sva.*

SCENE IV.

(Enter from left, Colomba, mortally wounded, supported by Chilina and a Soldier.)  
*Andante mesto.*

CHILINA.

Hap - py at such a

*Andante mesto. ♩ = 56.* *espressivo.* *pp* *p*

*R Moderato.* *RECIT.*

price, This precious life fell a sa - cri - fice To her bro - ther's safe - ty,

*Moderato. ♩ = 66.* *fp* *mf* *ben misurato.*

we could not withhold her; In the thick of the fight she stood firm . . as a rock, Wav - ing her

*mf* *fp* *mf*



ker- chief and lift- ing her voice, To at- tract the sol- diers,

un- til she was struck By a bul- let, and life- less sank . . on my

*Andante mesto. (Colomba is gently placed on a mossy bank.)*  
shoul- der.

*Andante mesto. ♩ = 56.*

*pp p p*

*Andante. (Orso and Lydia kneel by her side.)* COLOMBA (opening her eyes, in a faint voice).

*pp ad lib.*  
I die con-

*♩ = 72.* *S Moderato. ♩ = 66.*

*p dolce.* *pp*

- tent- ted, my task, my task is done. My fa- ther is re- venged, my bro- ther



(She joins Orso's and Lydia's hands together.)

freed. . . When you are hap - py, re - mem - ber . .

me, . . re - mem - ber.

*pp* *morendo.* *Andante. (She dies.)*

*dim.* *pp*

*Andante. ♩ = 72.*

COUNT (deeply moved).  
*Andante religioso. dolce.*

A great and no - ble heart has passed a - way— A he - ro's

\* *Andante religioso. ♩ = 60.*

*mf* *sempre legato.*

spi - rit in a maid - en's bo - dy. Hers was a life . . of sa - cri -

*mf* *p*

fice. Her fa-ther's death Roused her to fierce re - venge. That once ac - complished, The na - tu - ral

*cres.* *mf* *p* *R.H.*

\* From here to T may be omitted.

A. C. Mackenzie's "Colomba."—Novello, Ewer and Co.'s Octavo Edition.



sweet-ness of her heart re - turned. . . . Her bro - ther's

hap - pi - ness was her sole . . de - sire; Thus did she live . . . and

die. . . Be peace with her, . . . be peace, be peace with

*dolcissimo. (He kneels.)*

her. . . Let us pray for the soul of our sis - ter de - part - ed,

Who rests in peace, . . who rests in peace . . af - ter

*non legato.*

*un poco cres.*

*poco cres.*



pain - - - - - ful strife; . . . No - ble and true, and

*p*

ten - - der heart - - ed, She . . . has en - tered the gates of e -

*p*

*un poco.* ter - - nal life, . . . she has en - tered the gates of e -

*mf*

*poco cres.* *mf*

*dim.* U (All kneel.) Sunrise.

ter - nal life.

## CHORUS.

LYDIA with SOPRANO. *pp*CHILINA with ALTO. *pp*ORSO with TENOR. *pp*SAVELLI & COUNT with BASS. *pp*

Let us pray for the soul of our

Let us pray for the soul of our

Let us pray for the soul of our

Let us pray for the soul of our

*dim.* *pp*

6 6 6



sis - - - ter de - part - - - - - ed Who  
 sis - - - ter de - part - - - - - ed Who  
 sis - - - ter de - part - - - - - ed Who  
 sis - - - ter de - part - ed, de - - - part - ed Who

rests in peace, . . . who . . . rests in  
 rests in peace, . . . rests in  
 rests in peace, . . . rests in  
 rests in peace, rests in

*poco cres.* *mf*  
 peace . . . af - - - ter pain - ful  
*poco cres.* *mf*  
 peace . . . af - - - ter pain - - - ful  
*poco cres.* *mf*  
 peace . . . af - - - ter pain - - - ful  
*poco cres.* *mf*  
 peace af - - - ter pain . - - - ful



strife; . . . No - ble and true, and

strife; . . . No - - - ble and true, and

strife; . . . No - - - ble and true, and

strife; . . . No - - - ble and true, and

ten - - - der heart - ed, She . . . has

ten - - - der heart - ed, She has

ten - - - der heart - ed, She has

ten - - - der heart - - - ed, She has

en - tered the gates of e - ter - - - nal life, . . .

en - - - tered the gates of e - ter - - - nal life, . . .

en - - - tered the gates of e - ter - - - nal life, . . .

en - - - tered the gates of e - ter - - - nal life, . . .

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf



*(Full daylight.)*

... she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -

she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -

... she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -

... she has en - - tered, en - tered the gates of e -

*f*

*(The Curtain falls.)*

- ter - - - nal life. . . . .

- ter - - - nal life. . . . .

- ter - - - nal life. . . . .

- ter - - - nal life. . . . .

*f*

*Sva*







# NOVELLO'S OPERA CHORUSES,

EDITED BY

NATALIA MACFARREN AND BERTHOLD TOURS.

## AUBER'S FRA DIAVOLO.

1. Comrades, fill your glasses ... 4d.  
*En bons militaires.*  
2. Hail, festal morning ... 2d.  
*C'est grande fête.*

## AUBER'S MASANIELLO.

3. All hail the bright auspicious day ... 2d.  
*Du Prince objet de notre amour.*  
4. All hail the bright auspicious day ... 1d.  
*Du Prince objet de notre amour.*  
5. O holy Power—O Dieu puissant ... 1d.  
6. Companions, come. (Fishermen's chorus)—*Amis, amis* ... 2d.  
7. Behold the morn in splendour ... 2d.  
*Amis la matinée est belle.*  
8. Come hither all who wish to buy. (Market chorus) ... 3d.  
*Au marché qui vient de s'ouvrir.*  
9. { We come, we will avenge thee ... 3d.  
*Courons à la vengeance.*  
O Power benign—*Saint bien heureux.*  
60. All hail, the noble victor. (March and chorus) ... 6d.  
*Honneur! honneur et gloire.*

## BEETHOVEN'S FIDELIO.

10. Oh, what delight. (Prisoners' chorus) 3d.  
*O welche Lust.*  
11. Farewell, thou warm and sunny beam 4d.  
*Leb' wohl, du warmes Sonnenlicht.*

## BELLINI'S I PURITANI.

12. When yonder bugle calls us ... 1d.  
*Quando la tromba squilla.*  
13. Rejoice we!—*A festa* ... 1d.  
14. Noble Arthur, welcome ... 1d.  
*Ad Arturo onore.*  
15. Once I sought thee—*A te, o cara* ... 2d.  
16. Fatal day—*Ahi! dolor* ... 2d.

## BELLINI'S NORMA.

17. Hasten, ye Druids, the heights ascend 2d.  
*Ite sul colle, O Druidi.*  
18. Norma cometh—*Norma viene* ... 1d.  
19. Not yet gone? no, yet they linger ... 2d.  
*Non parti? finora è al campo.*  
20. Vengeance, vengeance ... 1d.  
*Guerra, guerra!*

## BELLINI'S

### LA SONNAMBULA.

21. Hail! Amina—*Viva! viva, Amina!* 1d.  
22. Fairest flower of the mountains ... 1d.  
*In Elvezia non v'ha rosa.*  
23. When dusky twilight—*Ah fosco cielo* 1d.  
24. Here a moment we'll shelter and rest us ... 2d.  
*Qui la selva è più folta ed ombrosa.*  
93. Finale to Act I. ... 8d.

## DONIZETTI'S LA FIGLIA.

25. What pleasure, what gladness ... 2d.  
*Cantiamo, cantiamo.*  
26. Hark, how the drums are rolling ... 1d.  
*Sprona il tamburo e incora.*  
27. Rataplan, rataplan ... 1d.  
*Rataplan, rataplan.*

## DONIZETTI'S LUCIA.

28. Let us roam through these ruins deserted ... 1d.  
*Per corriamo le spiagge vicine.*  
29. Hail, to the happy bridal day ... 1d.  
*Per te d'immenso giubilo.*  
30. What from vengeance yet restrains me—*Chi raffrena il mio furore* ... 2d.  
31. With warlike minstrelsy ... 1d.  
*D'immenso giubilo.*

## DONIZETTI'S LUCREZIA BORGIA.

32. Not a word—*Non far motto* ... 2d.  
33. From his window ... 1d.  
*Rischiata è la finestra.*  
34. Would you know how to while away sorrow—*Il segreto per esser felice* ... 1d.  
90. Hark! to that joyous strain ... 2d.  
*Senti, senti.*

## FLOTOW'S MARTHA.

71. Bright and buxom lasses (Chorus of farmers)—*Mädchen brav und treu* 3d.  
72. Finale. The fair begins with sound of bell—*Der Markt beginnt* ... 3d.  
91. Why must every joy be banished ... 2d.  
*Darf nit nächtig düstren Träumen.*

## GLINKA'S LIFE FOR THE CZAR.

66. Noble Chief! thee we hail (Polonaise with Chorus) ... 3d.

## GLUCK'S

### IPHIGENIA IN AULIS.

78. Why so long wilt thou try our patience ... 3d.  
*C'est trop faire de résistance.*  
79. See what grace—*Que d'attraits* ... 2d.  
80. Paris never beheld ... 2d.  
*Non jamais aux regards.*  
81. Be sad no more—*Rassurez-vous* ... 2d.  
82. Come, sing to the praise ... 2d.  
*Chantez, célébrez.*  
83. This altar never heard ... 2d.  
*Jamais à tes autels.*  
84. Up to the vault of heaven ... 3d.  
*Jusques aux voûtes éthérées.*

## GLUCK'S

### IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

85. The Gods their anger turn away ... 2d.  
*Les dieux apaisent leur courroux.*  
86. Heaven's anger passes away ... 1½d.  
*Les dieux, longtemps en courroux.*  
92. { O Diana, who us beholdest ...  
O Diane, sois nous propice.  
O Latona's virgin daughter ... } ... 2d.  
*Chaste fille de Latone.*

## MOZART'S DON GIOVANNI.

35. Let's enjoy while the season invites us ... 1d.  
*Giovinette, che fate all' amore.*

## MOZART'S

### LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

36. Come, deck with flowers ... 1d.  
*Giovani liete.*  
37. Noble Lady, fairest roses ... 1d.  
*Ricevete, o padroncina.*  
38. Each voice now rejoices ... 1d.  
*Amanti, costanti.*

## MOZART'S

### DIE ZAUBERFLOETE.

67. Oh, Isis and Osiris (Chorus of Priests) 1d.

## ROSSINI'S IL BARBIERE.

39. Sir, we humbly thank your honour ... 2d.  
*Mille grazie, mio signore.*

## ROSSINI'S

### GUILLAUME TELL.

61. Brightly the rosy morn ... 1d.  
*Quel jour serein.*  
62. Come, with flowers crown the bowers ... 2d.  
*Hyménee, ta journée.*  
63. Hark, how the horns gaily sounding ... 2d.  
*Quelle sauvage harmonie.*  
64. Hail to the mighty ruler ... 2d.  
*Gloire au pouvoir suprême.*  
65. Swift as the bird in summer sky (Tyrolean) ... 1d.  
*Toi que l'oiseau ne suivrait pas.*  
94. Hark, from the forest's deep recesses ... 9d.  
*Des profondeurs du bois immense.*

## SCHUBERT'S ROSAMUNDE.

77. Forth to the meadows. (Chorus of Shepherds) ... 3d.  
89. How merry is life. (Hunting chorus) 2d.

## VERDI'S IL TROVATORE.

40. See how the darkness of night dissolves. (Gipsy chorus) ... 1d.  
*Vedi! le fosche notturne.*  
41. Now the dice invite our leisure! ... 1d.  
*Or co' dadi ma fra poco.*  
42. Miserere Scene ... 2d.  
96. Ah! 'mid the shades of error. (Finale, Act II.) ... 6d.  
*Ah! se l' error t'ingombra.*

## VERDI'S RIGOLETTO.

43. Hush, in silence fulfil we our errand 2d.  
*Zitti, zitti, moviamo a vendetta.*  
44. Unto a lonely abode directed ... 1d.  
*Scorrendo uniti remota via.*

## VERDI'S LA TRAVIATA.

68. Where beauty and mirth are beckoning (Drinking song and Chorus) ... 2d.  
*Libiamo, ne lieti calici.*  
69. We are brave Matadors (Chorus of Spanish Matadors) ... 2d.  
*Di Madride noi siam Mattadori.*  
70. Lo, where the pride of the people advances (Bacchanal chorus) ... 1d.  
*Largo al quadrupedo.*  
87. A welcome to the gipsy (Chorus of Gipsies) ... 2d.  
*Noi siamo zingarelli.*  
88. Shame on the cruelty thy lips have spoken. (Finale, Act II.) ... 6d.  
*Oh infamia, orribile.*

## VERDI'S ERNANI.

73. Day of gladness (Introduction galop and chorus)—*Exultiamo* ... 1d.  
74. Rouse the long-slumbering lion (Chorus of Conspirators) ... 1d.  
*Si redesti il Leon.*  
75. We welcome, we hail thee. (Chorus) 1d.  
*Oh, come felice.*

## VERDI'S NABUCO.

76. Borne by memory on bright golden pinions—*Va pensiero sull' ali dorate* 2d.

## WAGNER'S LOHENGRIN.

45. The call hath summoned us betimes 2d.  
*In Früh'n versammelt uns der Ruf*  
46. We follow where he leads! ... 1d.  
*Zum Streite saumet nicht!*  
47. May every joy attend thee ... 1d.  
*Gesegnet soll sie schreiten.*  
48. Faithful and true we lead ye forth ... 1d.  
*Treulich geführt ziehet dahin.*

## WAGNER'S TANNHÆUSER.

49. Hail, bright abode (the March) ... 3d.  
*Freudig begrüßen*  
50. Once more with joy. (Pilgrim's Chorus)—*Begüückt darf nun dich* 2d.

## WEBER'S OBERON.

51. Light as fairy foot can fall ... 2d.  
*Lieve il piè colà volgiam.*  
52. Honour and joy—*Gloria! ommagio* ... 2d.  
53. Glory to the Caliph—*Gloria al giusto* 2d.  
54. Who would stay in her coral cave ... 4d.  
*Chi potria fra l' onde restar.*  
55. For thee hath beauty (Women's voices)—*Per te pomposa* ... 3d.  
56. Do. do (Mixed voices) 2d.  
95. Over the dark blue waters ... 2d.  
*Il tempesto soletto.*

## WEBER'S

### DER FREISCHUETZ.

57. Victoria, victoria—*Victoria, victoria* 1d.  
58. The Bridal wreath for thee we bind ... 1d.  
*Wir winden dir den Jungfernkrenz.*  
59. The joy of the Hunter. (Huntsmen's chorus)—*Was gleicht wohl an Erden* 2d.  
*(To be continued.)*

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# THE MUSICAL REVIEW,

A WEEKLY MUSICAL JOURNAL.

TO BE PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

PRICE 4d.

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THE MUSICAL REVIEW is started for the purpose of supplying the want long felt not only in England, but in the musical world generally, of a comprehensive weekly record of the progress of Musical Art in all its branches. The recent development and the extensive spread of English musical taste, and the amount and variety of music performed every year amongst us to supply that taste, have made London one of the musical centres of the world, where the currents of the Art, as represented by the leading talent of all countries, converge; and it is here, therefore, that a central organ of music may most fitly be published. THE MUSICAL REVIEW accordingly will be free from the narrowness of national or party prejudice. While giving due prominence to English Music, it will consider that music as a part of the great artistic movement which is not confined to one country, and of which the separate developments in France, or Germany, or Italy, or Russia, are only so many subdivisions, to be judged by the same standard of absolute merit.

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In furthering the interests of Art and Artists for the sake of Art alone, in combining due reverence for the classical models with ready appreciation of all that is hopeful and truthful in modern music, THE MUSICAL REVIEW will endeavour to follow the example of Schumann's *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*. Like that model of periodical literature, it will also endeavour to attract the interest of cultured musical amateurs, no less than that of professors, by avoiding abstruseness of treatment as far as a thorough discussion of the subject will allow.

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L'ALLEGRO, IL PENSIEROSO, ED IL MODE- RATO ...	3/0	3/6	5/0	LORD, HOW LONG WILT THOU FORGET ME ...	1/0	—	—
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B. MOLIQUÉ.							PILGRIMAGE OF THE ROSE... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0
ABRAHAM ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	3/6	5/0	MANFRED ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
MOZART.							FAUST ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	3/6	5/0
KING THAMOS ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	—	ADVENT HYMN, "IN LOWLY GUISE" ...	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
FIRST MASS (Latin and English) ...	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6	NEW YEAR'S SONG ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
SEVENTH MASS (Latin) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.						
COMMUNION SERVICE IN B FLAT (ditto) ...	...	...	...	1/6	—	—	J. SHORT.						
TWELFTH MASS (Latin) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6	MASS (S. Joseph) ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	—
Ditto (Latin and English) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6	E. SILAS.						
REQUIEM MASS (Latin) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6	MASS IN C ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
Ditto (Latin and English) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6	JOASH ... ..	...	...	...	4/0	—	—
LITANIA DE VENERABILI ALTARIS (Eb) ...	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0	R. SLOMAN.						
LITANIA DE VENERABILI SACRAMENTO (Bb) ...	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0	SUPPLICATION AND PRAISE ... ..	...	...	...	5/0	—	—
SPLENDENTE TE DEUS ... ..	First Motett	0/3	—	—	—	—	HENRY SMART.						
O GOD, WHEN THOU APPEAREST ditto ...	...	0/3	—	—	—	—	THE BRIDE OF DUNKERRON ... ..	...	...	...	2/6	3/0	4/0
HAVE MERCY, O LORD ... ..	Second Motett	0/3	—	—	—	—	ALICE MARY SMITH.						
GLORY, HONOUR, PRAISE, AND POWER, ...	Third Motett	0/3	—	—	—	—	ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
PALESTRINA.							ODE TO THE PASSIONS ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	—
MISSA PAPÆ MARCELLI ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	—	SPOHR.						
C. H. H. PARRY.							HYMN TO ST. CECILIA ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
PROMETHEUS UNBOUND ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	—	—	CALVARY ... ..	...	...	...	2/6	3/0	4/0
T. M. PATTISON.							FALL OF BABYLON ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	3/6	5/0
THE ANCIENT MARINER ... ..	...	...	...	2/6	—	—	LAST JUDGMENT ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6
PERGOLESÍ.							DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0.						
STABAT MATER (Female voices) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—	THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6
E. PROUT.							GOD, THOU ART GREAT ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
HEReward ... ..	...	...	...	4/0	—	—	DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/6.						
PURCELL.							HOW LOVELY ARE THY DWELLINGS FAIR... ..	...	...	...	0/8	—	—
TE DEUM AND JUBILATE IN D ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	—	—	JEHOVAH, LORD OF HOSTS... ..	...	...	...	0/4	—	—
J. F. H. READ.							JOHN STAINER.						
CARACTACUS... ..	...	...	...	2/6	—	—	THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	—
THE CONSECRATION OF THE BANNER ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	—	—	C. VILLIERS STANFORD.						
PSYCHE ... ..	...	...	...	5/0	—	7/0	GOD IS OUR HOPE (Psalm 46) ... ..	...	...	...	4/0	—	—
J. V. ROBERTS.							E. C. SUCH.						
JONAH ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	—	—	NARCISSUS AND ECHO... ..	...	...	...	3/0	—	—
ROLAND ROGERS.							GOD IS OUR REFUGE (46th Psalm) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
PRAYER AND PRAISE ... ..	...	...	...	4/0	—	—	ARTHUR SULLIVAN.						
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DITTO, SOL-FA, 1/0. ... ..	...	...	...	...	...	...	VAN BREE.						
MOSES IN EGYPT ... ..	...	...	...	6/0	—	—	ST. CECILIA'S DAY ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0
SCHUBERT.							DITTO, SOL-FA, 0/9.						
MASS IN A FLAT ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0	R. H. WALKER.						
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	3/6	JERUSALEM ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	—	—
MASS IN E FLAT ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	3/6	5/0	WEBER.						
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	—	5/0	MASS IN G (Latin and English) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6
MASS IN B FLAT ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0	MASS IN E FLAT (ditto) ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	3/6	COMMUNION SERVICE (ditto) ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	—	—
MASS IN C ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0	JUBILEE CANTATA ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	—
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	3/6	PRECIOSA ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	—	—
MASS IN G ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	1/6	2/6	S. WESLEY.						
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	3/6	IN EXITU ISRAEL ... ..	...	...	...	0/4	—	—
MASS IN F ... ..	...	...	...	1/6	2/0	3/0	DIXIT DOMINUS ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
COMMUNION SERVICE, ditto ... ..	...	...	...	2/0	—	3/6	S. S. WESLEY.						
SONG OF MIRIAM ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—	O LORD, THOU ART MY GOD ... ..	...	...	...	1/0	—	—
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							MASS IN D ... ..	...	...	...	3/0	—	—



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121. Say, shall the heart ... ..	P. Winter	2d.
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126. Tell me, on what holy ground ... ..	Fuss	2d.
127. When the hues of daylight fade ... ..	C. S. Reissiger	2d.
128. What is life? ... ..	C. Blum	3d.
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133. O wert thou in the cauld blast ... ..	F. Kücken	2d.
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156. What ho! what, shepherd, ho! ... ..	W. Beale	3d.
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158. Come, live with me ... ..	Arthur Carnall	3d.
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161. Fare thee well! and if for ever ... ..	C. A. Macirone	4d.
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